STACK
ANNEX
5
066
358

Mr. Archer

FOR VIRGINIANS ONLY.

WHAT I DID

WITH MY

FIFTY MILLIONS.

BY

MOSES ADAMS.

EDITED FROM THE POSTHUMOUS MS.

BY

CÆSAR MAURICE, ESQ.,

OF THE RICHMOND (VA.) WHIG.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1874.

A 000 046 708 4
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS,

RESPECTING

"FIFTY MILLIONS,"

AS IT APPEARED SERIALLY.

"THE WINGS OF RICHES.—The first installment of Moses Adams's new story, concerning which the world has already heard so many tantalizing things that have made the world stand on tip-toe, appeared in the daily *Whig* of Saturday, in which edition (as well as the semi-weekly and weekly) the rest of the narrative will be told by the ex-millionaire. 'Tis marked already by the satire, keen but never cutting (it *can* cut, but it doesn't), the knowledge of human nature, alike in its weakest and its most earnest, its most and least genial aspects, the pathos, the riant and easy humor, that make Dr. Bagby, in our critical judgment, another Elia of our era, with more varied powers than Lamb, though none so well cultivated as those of that essayist and occasional poet. 'What I Did with My Fifty Millions,' recalls the Doctor's best work, 'Blue Eyes and Battlewick,' published many years ago in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and, unfortunately, never put before the world in book-form. We shall follow the career of that fortune with eyes of interest, especially as we have an idea that some small part of it will be laid apart for us. That is, if we survive until 1876, the year in which the story is cast; the place being Richmond, with temporary shuntings on the side-tracks of Lynchburg and Kurdsville."—*Petersburg Index*.

"'FIFTY MILLIONS.'— . . . The style of Doctor Bagby is fitted more to the pages and character of the quarterlies and to the book publications of the day, than to the daily and weekly journals. Bagby is the Mark Twain of Virginia, and we have no doubt that some of our book publishers could subserve a public demand, and at the same time promote very handsomely the business interests of their establishments, by furnishing it in book-form. 'What I Did with My Fifty Millions' is quaint, original, and peculiarly Virginian, and its style adds to the virtues of its great local interests, those features of terse and trenchant style, which will cause it to be read in other circles than where the cavaliers and their descendants have left their footprints.'"—*Bristol News*.

"'FIFTY MILLIONS.'—Dr. Adams's great romance, 'What I Did with My Fifty Million Dollars,' is concluded in the last number of the *Whig*, in which the wonderful serial has been published. The final installment is longer than those which preceded, and is crowded with incidents and tableaux of abiding interest. In the last sad scene, he beholds, as in a trance, all the comrades and companions of his earlier years; and there troop in long procession through the old man's breaking and wandering mind the figures, *inter alios*, of many Petersburgers—Mr. Osborne, McCabe, Glass, 'the two Barhams,' the two Venables, Cameron, the writer, and many others. This vivid memory cheers the old man's heart, as his hold on earth relaxes, and he falls asleep with the happy vision shining in his eyes. We hope the story will be collected and printed in book-form for the amusement and entertainment of the public. There is in it much more than the humor which plays on its surface; there is even more in it than the pathos which often breaks through it with tears. There is in the analysis of the vagaries and hallucinations which precede death, the evidence of deep study and knowledge of physiology and psychology too. But we will not discount the reader's enjoyment of the 'Fifty Millions.' It ought by all means to appear in book-form."—*Index-Appeal.*

"'WHAT I DID WITH MY FIFTY MILLIONS.'—The series of papers under this fantastic title is brought to a conclusion in the issue of the Richmond *Whig* of May 1st.

"Dr. Bagby has made his fancy of great wealth the starting point for excursions in every direction, sketching, as he alone of living writers can do, the familiar Virginian life as it was before the war, as it is now in its transition state, and as it can never again appear under the new conditions that surround us. Untrammeled by any fixed limits, he introduces into these separate pictures his own reflections on men and things—reflections now profound, now playful, here fantastic, there pathetic, but always tinged with his own humor, always revealing something of his own self and thought. These sketches are often personal, and the author has the rare boldness to talk of the men he means by their own names, but the personality is but such as Charles Lamb indulged in when he wrote of the India House, or when he so affectionately and yet so quizzically recorded his memories of the Benchers of Gray's Inn.

"Dr. Bagby's genius is akin to Lamb's; he has the same keenness of local observation, the same love for quaint nooks of space, for quaint examples of mankind, for old fashions of thought and speech and life. His humor, too, is of Elia's kind,—a melancholy humor, yet a jesting, a humor often sarcastic in form, always loving in fact. He draws his pictures of Virginia as Lamb did of London, always narrow in his theme, but always wide in its treatment, perfect in the minute observations he loves to make, because his mind is practiced in large views of men and things.

"Virginia has in truth produced, though Virginia hardly knows it,

a school of Virginian art, men devoted to portraying Virginian life, and portraying it so well that, had they been Bostonians, with the Old Colony for their subject, the country would have resounded with their fame. Elder Woodward, Sheppard, and Fisher, with brush and pencil; Valentine, Galt, and Barbee, with the chisel; in science, Ruffin, Rogers, Maury, and Hotchkiss; in literature, Thompson, Aylett, Cooke, Pollard, Marian Harland, and Geo. W. Bagby.

"Among these men of letters the last stands pre-eminent as *the* essayist of Virginia, the pen-painter of Virginians, their life and manners, their foibles and their virtues. It is a great pity that these sketches of a time and people fast passing, almost wholly passed away, should not be collected and put in enduring form. Sheppard's pencil has preserved in outline almost every phase of the old-time negro life in Virginia. Elder's brush has recorded it to its minutest detail, and Valentine has stamped it into marble, but the essays of Dr. Bagby have in turn touched on every part of Virginia, and touched each one to adorn and to preserve. The country village, the court-house green, the plantation home, the editor, the planter, the belle, the hard-worked country doctor, the pampered house-servant, the traveling gambler, the court-house bully, the country dandy, the hale old farmer, and the busy, much-worked and all-loving matron and mother; all these, as seen in Virginia, the Virginia as it stood in 1850, and likewise the Virginia as in 1870 it was passing away, his pictures keep alive for us and for the future.

"We hope, and hope earnestly, that the essayist will frame these pictures in a book and so preserve them. Let the 'Fifty Millions' lead and let the title be 'For Virginians only,' and our word for it, Virginia will buy and read, and value, will laugh, and now and again will shed a pleasing tear over that book."—*Norfolk Virginian.*

"'FIFTY MILLIONS.'—Doctor Bagby is a humorist of the finest taste, and his productions are of native growth. Born of Virginia's soil, suffused with a local coloring at once pure and brilliant, his pictures of men and scenes have a charm about them which it is hard to describe without incurring the charge of extravagance from those who do not know his works. For us this provincialism is very attractive, but, in addition, we find that he scatters wit, wisdom and learning with a generous profusion through his pages, so that one rises from his 'Fifty Millions' with a conviction that until this serial appeared Bagby was unknown even to his own people and his familiar friends. This performance is to be published in a volume, and on its appearance we shall have a word to speak about it, until when we beg his friends, our friends, and the friends of our native literature to interest themselves in making the forthcoming volume a complete success."—*Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.*

FOR VIRGINIANS ONLY.

WHAT I DID

WITH MY

FIFTY MILLIONS.

BY

MOSES ADAMS.

EDITED FROM THE POSTHUMOUS MS.

BY

CÆSAR MAURICE, ESQ.,

OF THE RICHMOND (VA.) WHIG.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1874.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by

G. W. BAGBY.

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

It seems that the old man ("Mozis")* did really believe that he possessed an enormous sum of money—the internal evidence leaves no doubt whatever on this point—and he must have passed many sleepless nights in imagining what he did with it. He seems, too, to have labored under the additional delusion that he had been for a very long time "cooped up," as he expresses it, in editorial sanctums and libraries, whereas it is well known that his actual business was that of a hoop-pole splitter in the barrel factory of the Columbian Mills. But this confinement appears to have disagreed with him, and may have led to the mental torsion that gave birth to the strange production now published. Hence the passionate outburst of affection for his foster-mother, Nature, which would be almost ludicrous did we not remember how the simple old soul must have pined for the free life in the woods, to which, as a mauler of rails for Col. Hubard, of Buckingham, he had been accustomed from his very boyhood.

The date "1890" in the first foot-note indicates that the article, written at some uncertain period, was afterwards revised and annotated at intervals, as the old man's strength enabled him to indulge in literary occupations—probably after nightfall, his only leisure time. His pre-

* "Mozis Addums," whose "Letters to Billy Ivvins," published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, many years ago, produced such an excitement in Virginia and throughout the South. Late in life, when Fifty Millions was written, he had learned to spell his name correctly and to write not very bad English.

2073221

cise age has always been a matter of conjecture, but had he lived till 1890 he would have been not less than one hundred and eleven years old. The records of the old Masonic Lodge at Curdsville prove this.

Due allowance must be made for the discrepancies in the annotated dates, for the interpolations of various kinds, and for the garrulity incident to age. These and the doting fondness of the old man for the Virginia customs, which he fancied he had placed upon everlasting foundations, with the further fact that after much reflection he could not prevail upon himself to spend any of his money outside of his native State, may well excuse his wild fancies and incoherences. And our readers no doubt will the more readily condone his faults in view of the fact that, in his prime, the well-meaning creature gave them many a hearty laugh which they have not yet forgotten.

POSTSCRIPT.

People have been so delighted with the extravaganzas of MOSES ADAMS that they have demanded the publication of his lucubrations in an enduring book form. It seems never to have occurred to them that in laughing at MOSES'S follies they are laughing at their own. *De te fabula narratur.* Those who read between the lines (as the French say) detect in all MOSES'S phantasies a lurking satire on the disposition made by poor old Virginia of her "fifty millions" on internal improvements. We hope, when they read again, they will inwardly digest, and profit by the operation. In the meantime, MOSES, no doubt, chuckles in his sleeve, and is happy in contemplating the hilarity of his dupes. C. M.

Whig Office, Richmond, Va.

CONTENTS.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

PAGE

Where the Money came from—First Effect of Riches—Yearning for Ashcake and Buttermilk—Overwhelming Sense of Poverty—Misery and Wrath—A Morning Walk—Accident—Calvin Jones and Tom Kirkpatrick 13

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

The Cat out of the Bag—How People behaved—Park and Reservoir for Lynchburg—Alarming Increase of Destitution—W. E. Binford and the Widow Bexley—How to Help, whom to Help, and When—Rush of Editors, Photographers, etc.—"Sky Surprises" . . . 19

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

Fits of Pride—How cured—A Sneaking Heart-Devil—The Pleasure of Giving—Some Schoolmarms—Ham. Chamberlayne—Deacon Handy—"The Native Virginian"—Numerous Widows—Colonel McDonald—Billy Christian—Trick on a Fat Doctor, etc. . . . 25

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

Laura Park—Sneers at Jones and Adams—The Great Reservoir—New Market-House—Grand Celebration—Arrival of Old Lynchburgers—Ballard Kidd and Harriet Rouse—Works at Curdsville, etc.—Rage of a baffled Rich Man—College for Old Virginia Fiddlers, etc. 33

FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

Blessings of the Fiddlers' College—Dancing *vs.* Pure Hugging—Course on Fife and Tobacco-Horn—Blind Billy—Buckingham Female Institute—"Chermany" and "Ant'ny Over"—Langhorne's Tavern, Ça Ira, New Store, Raine's Tavern, etc.—Spout Spring, Red House, Pamplin's, Tarwallet, etc.—College for Old Virginia Cooks—Hampden Sydney College—Mosque and Shot-Tower at Burkeville 40

SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

PAGE

Good Sidewalks in Richmond—Council of Cobblers and Ostlers—New Capitol proposed—Intense Rage of the Legislature—Speeches of Indignant Members—Appearance of Capitol in 1910—Strangers from Japan and North Carolina—Deplorable Consequence of a Bank, etc. 47

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Railroad Depots in Richmond—Improvements on Broad Street—Shields House—Virginia Historical Society Building—Colonel T. H. Wynne and Dr. W. P. Palmer—Automaton of Com. Porter—Brice Church—Free-Pew Question settled—Paganism of Adams—Pulpit Propriety and Duck Guns—Rev. Dr. Broadus—Varlets, Cudgels, and Assassins—Congregational Singing—Church of Spectroscope 52

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

Mr. Pigskin on Immigration—Adams Hints at Empire—Ten Thousand Dollars each to Fifteen Hundred Girls—Bad Consequences of Good Intentions—Excitement in Virginia—Adams Hated—Regarded as an Active Intransitive Fool—Gov. Kemper—Expensive Joke on Wife—A Lesson to Husbands—Rev. Dr. Peterkin—Venom without Spondulics 60

NINTH INSTALLMENT.

Sad Results of an Explosion—Drs. Cullen and McGuire—Happy Resection of a Steeple—Burwell Music Hall—Great Fiddling Festival—A Treat for Pretty Girls—Happiest Time of Old Adams's Life—Gen. Richardson and Col. Sherwin McRae—Adams's Patent Lecture-Halls—Judge Waller Stapler—"Johnny Reb." 69

TENTH INSTALLMENT.

Cremation of Piano Advertisers—Wisdom of Roman Catholics—The Addie Deane House—University of Virginia—Judge William Robertson, Dr. Maupin, etc.—Editorial Academy—Asylum for Worthless Young Men—Parke Park—Richmond Boulevard—Matthews & Matthews—Life's Appomattox—Semi-Phalansterian Squares, etc. 76

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

PAGE

Black Crook Club Monument—Dr. Leigh Burton—Nat. Sturdivant Terrace—Hermann Garden—Louis Euker—Cornelia Cathedral—Worship Purely Musical—Leo Wheat—Major Burr Noland—Diseased Germans—Midnight New Year Services—Our Saviour—Mary Davidson—General Mahone—Elder, Fisher, and Sheppard—G. Watson James, etc. 87

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT.

Tour with Artist-Friends—Suggestive Summering—Badly Apple-Brandied—Judge Crump—John R. Thompson's Tomb—Yankees—"The Last of Pea Time"—Squirted out of Town—Peter Mayo and Alexander Cameron—Valentine's Colossal Statue—Dr. W. Hand Browne—Adams's "Folly," Eleven Hundred Feet High—Gala Day all around the Globe—Excitement in Lynchburg—Jack Slaughter and Robin Terry—Trash Green—Death of Wife—Badly Kicked—Home near Pamlin's Depot 97

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

A Lonely Old Age—Dark and Bitter Thoughts—Arrival of the Commodore—Throwing Mexican Dollars—A Negro Killed—A Stormy Night—Trouble of Life's Ending—Misery of this World—Hallucinations—In the Fodder-stack—A Voice . . . 109

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

Aunt Polly Waddy—Cavalry Comin'—Ned Gregory, Barron Hope, V. Dabney and others—Slugs and Gulgers—Col. T. F. Owens—An Old Virginia Breakfast—The Commodore Breaks Loose—A Terrible Time—Cremation—Loose Again—Earthquakes, Cholera, etc,—Grand Dinner—Royal Ashcake—Toasts, Speeches, and Perfect Bliss—Asleep at His Own Table 116

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

In Gordonsville—Grand Triangular Bob Sully Hotel—Fried Chicken and Hard-boiled Eggs in Effigy—Vast Gongs—Stofers, Frys, Scotts, Chapmans, Kincheloes, etc.—The Sphinx—Adams a Nuisance—Sent to Poor-House—Death—Burial and Obituary—The End 125

WHAT I DID

WITH

MY FIFTY MILLIONS.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

Where the Money came from—First Effect of Riches—Yearning for Ashcake and Buttermilk—Overwhelming Sense of Poverty—Misery and Wrath—A Morning Walk—Accident—Calvin Jones and Tom Kirkpatrick.

FOR twenty years at least I had been in the habit of putting myself to sleep by imagining what I would do with the precise sum of fifty millions of dollars. An excellent hypnotic I found it, with no morphine or chloral after-effects. It may have unfitted me for the hard grind of actual life, but no matter now. When it came I was as tranquil as a May morning. The fact is, the transfer was not completed until the close of the month of May, 1876. Negotiations, etc., had been going on for months beforehand, and it has always been a matter of inordinate pride to me that I attended to my regular duties and kept the whole thing a profound secret from my family, friends, and, indeed, everybody in America—the money having come from Hindostan. It required a deal of innocent lying to do this, but secrecy was indispensable to the surprises I meditated, and a surprise, you know, is the very cream of the delight as well of giving as receiving.

One of the bankers, a Calcutta man, if I remember rightly, had the good sense, on taking leave, to put into my hands a small box filled with gold-pieces, so that I might feel my wealth right away and have no doubts about it. The party left on the nine o'clock Fredericksburg

train, and, after bidding them good-by at the hotel, I put a handful of money in my pocket and walked out to get a little fresh air. My wife always interprets this to mean a glass of beer, but she was mistaken in this instance. Besides, she was up the country at the time.

I went straight to Gerot's, ordered a nice little supper to be sent to a room up-stairs which I engaged for the night, and with the supper a bottle of his best champagne, a bundle of his finest cigars (I found I did not want a whole box), a quire of foolscap, pens, and ink. Then I walked down to the telegraph-office.

On the way a number of acquaintances greeted me, and I wondered to myself whether the tone of their voices (they were not uncourteous at all) would have been different if they had known how much money I was worth. A few months later my wonder was quieted.

The reason I went to the telegraph-office was this: Years and years before, my friend, Calvin D. Jones, had said to me,—

"If I should ever become suddenly very rich, do you know what I would do?"

"No," I replied.

"I should run as hard as I could stave and give away every dollar I could persuade myself to give, for if I stopped one second to think about it I should never give one cent."

By that I knew that Jones was a man of intellect.

He then lived in Rome, Georgia, and was drugging people there. I telegraphed him to draw on me for expenses, and meet me as early as possible in Lynchburg.

That done, I returned to Gerot's.

My supper, as nice a one as heart could wish, was all ready for me in my room. How often and over again my appetite had been whetted for that identical supper! and now there it was before me, the gold in my pocket, the wine, the cigars, paper and pens, all as I had imagined a thousand times.

And what think you was the result?

A loss of appetite?

Not that exactly, but an intense honing for ashcake and buttermilk.

Gerot had neither, and it was too late to get them elsewhere; so I drank a glass or two of wine, and addressed myself to the task of writing out minutely what I intended to do with my money. The plan was in my head, complete and clear, and, once written down, my purpose was to carry it out to the very letter.

I had not finished the first page before I stopped suddenly, threw down the pen, and groaned aloud in such anguish of spirit as I had never felt before; for never before had I felt so crushing a sense of poverty.

"My God!" I cried, "what can a man do with a miserable pittance of fifty millions? I want to give Virginia a perfect system of county roads, so that one may get off at a station and go to the nearest country-house without breaking his neck, and it would take five hundred millions to do that. Then there is the capitol—to fix that and its surroundings as I would like to have them fixed would consume the last dollar in my possession. Bah!"

That bah! was intoned more like an oath than an introït. I rose and paced the room for an hour or more in mingled rage and misery. Then I drank the rest of the wine (it would not keep, in fact, was flat already), put a cigar in my pocket ("maybe Gerot will take the others back—a pipe is plenty good enough for me, suits my weak digestion"*), and walked out.

Day was just faintly dawning.

Putting a chew of tobacco in my mouth and saving my cigar for after breakfast, I strode furiously up the tow-path of the canal, exclaiming aloud, as I went along,—

"I must be rich! I *will* be rich! I will pinch and screw, and save and shave, and skin until I get some money. I will go into Wall Street, join a railroad ring, get elected to Congress—do anything to make a fortune. I will invest, I will buy town-lots in Manchester—I *must* make money. I want a hundred million, two hundred million, as much as Astor, Vanderbilt, and Stewart combined, and *I will have it.* Yes, a thousand, two thousand, millions of dollars. I will flood the South with money.

* He refused positively to do it—1890.

Set every industry humming, restock every plantation, buy up every negro legislature, buy Congress, buy Grant bodily; my people shall not, no, by the gods! they *shall not* suffer any longer."

A thought struck me like a blow from a catapult.

"Suppose you do all this, and in Persia and India tens of thousands are perishing from starvation. The world is too big for you. You cannot be God."

Miserable, yea, the miserablest of living men, I bowed myself down where I stood and actually wept with wrath and mortification.

Just then a sweet breeze sprang up, the waves began to clap their hands, the song of the river, which I had not heard before, mingled with the soft tones of the wind and the orisons of the birds, the heavens above me flushed with the love-light of expectation at the sun's coming, and aloft and alow and around was the ineffable loveliness and peace of morning in its prime. Suddenly there came from thicket, or copse, or the distant forest, I could not tell where, a "wood-note wild" of some bird I had not heard for half a century nearly, and in an instant the beauty, the mystery, the holiness of nature came back to me just as it came in childhood when sometimes my playmates left me alone in the great orchard of my home in Cumberland.

From cursing and moaning I fell to adoring. My soul, full of gratitude, could find only the simplest expression.

"Thank God! I can do some good; and I will."

My short but deep thanksgiving ended, I gave myself up wholly to the dewy beauty and freshness around me, and cried out, in rapture,—

"Oh, my mother, my mother, my mother! my foster-mother! the only mother I ever knew! all these long, long, long years have I been cooped up in sanctums, in libraries, in all sorts of dens of houses, pining for you, with your bright face in full view across the water or over the hill yonder, but no chance to come to you except for a moment only. And now, *now*, O Father of Earth, I *can* come back to you—that is one blessedness of riches. Back, never, never, never more to be parted from you till, sinner that I am, I go to heaven."

I trust there is no good business man within the reading of my print who will not say with considerable emphasis that I made a sufficient sentimental ass of myself. At any rate, from that hour I have never had any further trouble with myself, never desired to be inordinately rich, but have been perfectly content to struggle on with my pitiful fifty millions and do the best I could.

It being now broad daylight, I turned homewards, and, as I did so, my thoughts took another turn.

"Moses, old fellow," said I to myself, "you and I are going to have a good time. The way we are going to find some pretty stream in the depths of the woods, and spend the livelong day by its side enjoying the clear, running water (just as we did in Princeton at Stony Brook, before we ever dreamed of the protoxide of hydrogen), and the blue heavens shining through the tall tree-tops, before Old Probabilities, drot him! was born, and we ever knew anything or cared anything about atmospheric waves, the nebula hypothesis, or any such foolishness, is the way. Won't we consecrate a day, yea, many days, every recurring season to the worship of nature, just as you and I and William Christian* used to do ever so many years ago in Lynchburg? I just tell you, my son, we are going to have the finest, the tip-toppest-A-Number-Onest kind of a time. Why, sir, we'll——"

In a trance of delight at the pleasure in store for me, I had wandered several feet below the level of the tow-path. An enormous black bolide, as it seemed to me, fell upon me from the skies, and consciousness left me.

When I came to myself I was lying on the deck of a freight-boat, receiving such attention as the ignorant captain could give. The bolide proved to be only a mule, which had broken a rotten tow-line and tumbled down the canal-bank, stunning me as he passed. A fracture of the shoulder-blade and a few severe bruises were soon patched up by Dr. Coleman after my return to the city, so that I took the ten o'clock train on the Danville road as if nothing had happened.

---

* A friend of mine. His middle name was Henry Brown, but he dropped the Brown 1884.

Jones came promptly to Lynchburg, and refused flatly to believe in my fifty millions, but being convinced, mounted a horse and proceeded day after day to scour the country around the town, to the bewilderment of the citizens. Such was his zest, and so heartily did he enter into my plans, that he kept me up every night till one or two o'clock, suggesting, altering, and greatly improving the hints I had originally given him. During the daytime I had a trying experience. Forced to keep quiet, while the money burned in my pocket, I was dreadfully bored.*

At length Jones came back one night in triumph—he had found, not what he wanted exactly, but the best that could be had.

"I can fix all the rest," said he, after having given me a minute account of the topography.

Tom Kirkpatrick† was called in the very next morning, the lawyer's part of the business intrusted to him, and having furnished these friends of my early manhood with work that would occupy them a long time (Jones particularly), and pay them well, I hurried back to Richmond. Ad. Williams and J. L. Apperson‡ laughed in my face at first, but in due time they became convinced, as Jones had been, and promised me to make the necessary purchases as adroitly and cheaply as under the circumstances was possible. And they were as good as their word. They did their duty quickly, that is to say, within a few months, and at much less cost than I had counted upon. I *had* to be economical, and I will say here that few if any of my agents ever pleased me more than Williams & Apperson.

It was half a year before Jones and Kirkpatrick completed their work, a peculiar obstacle intervening.§ Six months of torture mingled with pleasure (knowing what

---

* Dr. Early pulled out my last tooth at this time, and the new set made me miserable in spite of my money.

† Afterwards President of the Court of Appeals.

‡ Well known real estate men in Richmond fifty years ago. Very correct in their dealings.

§ Everybody, even the country people, were alarmed lest the Old Market-house should be disturbed.

was to come) to me. My family and friends upbraided me for my long-continued idleness, while everybody wondered how I made buckle and tongue meet. I did it though, and am proud I did not overdo the thing. Money was a little, very little, bit more plentiful at my house, and my wife, satisfied that I did not gamble,* convinced herself that I had drawn a prize in the Louisville Library Lottery. She had a notion, too, that I had found a gold-mine. [A great calamity to a Buckingham man.] What else could make me spend whole days by my lone self in the woods? She was certain of it.

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

The Cat out of the Bag—How People behaved—Park and Reservoir for Lynchburg—Alarming Increase of Destitution—W. E. Binford and the Widow Bexley—How to Help, whom to Help, and When—Rush of Editors, Photographers, etc.—"Sky Surprises."

BUT you should have seen her face that bright day (the brightest of my life, I sometimes think), when I broke the news of my good fortune to her, and proved it by incontestable vouchers. It was worth fifty-one millions of dollars at the very least, that face was.

The next day I was back in Lynchburg.

There is a pea-green edifice on Court Street, opposite the court-house. I went there first. There is a smaller edifice a little way down the hill, behind the pea-green house. I went there next. There is a brick house near the reservoir, and about a square from West Street. I went there, smiling openly [W. R. M. and self got arrested there one night for serenading a tree-box], as I slowly walked along the wall of the reservoir. Then I went to a house on Federal Hill, which has a large garden attached to it. And then I went up to Liberty.

---

* It is true I used to play teetotum for June apples when a boy, but that oughtn't to count.

What happened in consequence of these visits is, so far as I am aware, none of your business; but if I had given my friends in Lynchburg and at Avenel the whole world, I would have done for them no more than they deserved. To them I owed many, a great many, of the happiest hours of my life. "Owed," did I say? There was no debt, no sense of obligation, on my part; nothing of the kind. I would have been a dog, the biggest and most villainous of dogs, if I had not gone straight to them. I simply could not have been happy if they had not shared largely of my happiness.

But the cat was out of the bag.

Everybody knew (it ran like lightning over the whole State and to the very ends of the earth, I believe) that Moses was what they called "immensely rich," and that he intended Lynchburg should have a magnificent park and a reservoir, the like of which had not been seen since the days of the Romans, nor even then. Other things, it was whispered, were to come.

I wish very much I could say that the change in my circumstances produced no change in myself, or in others. But it was not so. Success had never greatly elated me or made me conceited, nor did it now. But one of the annoyances of pecuniary success is that it parts one from his friends, and this from no fault of either the rich or the poor man. The former cannot make his friend as rich as himself, while the latter, if a man of spirit, is not content to be on unequal terms with any one, even in the matter of money. Affiliation of rich with rich, and poor with poor, is inevitable. So it would have been with me, had I not been too old to form intimacies of any kind, save with womenfolks, to whom I had belonged for many years, and continued to belong. But men of wealth, gravitating towards me naturally, became my associates to such an extent that one day I suddenly waked up to the fact that those who had not succeeded, had no money nor the art of making it, no longer interested me. How often I had decried this and sneered at it in some of my acquaintances who had gone ahead of me! And now I caught myself saying testily of this or that man who had once been tolerably dear to me, "He is down on his

luck." As if it were the man's fault, when I knew he was doing his utmost to rise. But such knowledge does not better the matter nor soften the heart. For the innate weakness of not being able to get along in the world there is no remedy; it is the least curable of diseases. Pity for the weakling is of no avail. All of this is very natural. The traveler ascending a river in a powerful steamer cannot long concern himself about the poor creature who is drifting downward in a canoe, and is soon lost to sight. Sympathy for him is a waste of energy, which had better be preserved until it can do some good.

This, I believe, is the ordinary course of reasoning in the minds of men who rise above their fellows, and fancy they are the engine in the steamboat, and not the *cwt* and a half of humanity on the deck. It *was* in my own case, despite the fact that my money had come to me as it were out of heaven. And whence comes every good and perfect gift but from heaven?

You made your money, you say. But, my friend, who made *you?*

I am persuaded that there will be plenty of conceit in this world, pride of riches, of talent, station, what not, so long as the delusion about free-will* lasts. But what has that to do with my fifty millions? Find out, if you can, my friend.

A very few experiments satisfied me that there was scarcely one of the "poor devils who could not get along in the world" who did not crawl, and that quite rapidly in some instances, where the proper remedy was applied, when help was given in time, and *thoughtfully.*† [I am more doubtful about helping than I was ten years ago—1892.]

"Fortunately, it was in your power to render just that kind of aid."

Yes, I am aware of the fact. I am also aware of the fact that there never was a thoughtful rich man before my time.

---

* Jimber-jawed men will never concede this.

† The habit is to help only when men are at the last gasp.

The change in other people towards myself was at first not what I had anticipated; nor did I ever receive the worship [I sometimes regret this] which some of my readers may suppose I received. Here and there turned up a wretch who would have eaten my shoes if I had permitted him; now and then a great man, failing, clutched at me with a desperation that excited my profound pity; sometimes I was amused, and sometimes disgusted, at the obsequious fawning of certain parties, whose names I am tempted to mention; but in the main people were manly enough, and soon gave me to know that in their eyes I was no better than I had been before.

Nevertheless, it is very certain that I became in no time a most respectable person, and received a deal of attention. The courtesy of life-insurance and sewing-machine agents was marked. Circulars of every description made waste-paper a drug in my house. Editors kindly chronicled my every movement. Photographers seemed to have a high opinion of my face. Biographies of Adams became the order of the day. Mr. Smyth haunted me, and my likeness appeared in *Frank Leslie* within a week after my wealth was heralded to the world. Bank presidents sometimes bowed to me. Mr. Z., of the Big Concern, suddenly ceased to forget that he had been repeatedly introduced to me; and it was intimated to me that an article from my pen would be acceptable to any country paper in Virginia.

Opportunities to invest, to take stock, to go into partnership, and to promote the most meritorious business enterprises, were frequent. A hint about starting a literary paper in Richmond was boldly thrown at me. I neither invested nor took stock, my money being already well placed, so as to yield me an income of four and a half millions.

A person whom I had good reason to consider the most consummate [something erased here—*Ed. Whig*], and yet a good sort of a fellow, too, who had professed warm friendship for me, and had a thousand opportunities to give me a lift, but deserted me when I was down, played his game with his wonted smartness. Meeting me on the street, he shook my hand, said warmly enough,

but not a shade too warmly, "Congratulate you, Moses," and walked on. It was not in the least overdone, one way or the other. For weeks I did not lay eyes on him. But I knew my man. In due time he came, not in person, but through his agents (men he fancied had influence with me, and flattered them by so telling them), with the most cunning and insidious propositions, seemingly in my own interest, to all of which I replied, calmly,—

"Tell Ben Brown I can do nothing for him now."

But when he went down into the deepest depths, then I came to him and lifted him up as high as it was possible ever again to lift him. For all along I had well remembered how kind he had been to me before good fortune had hardened him into adamant. Moreover, I had long known that, in society as in the forest, there are beasts of prey who delight to lap the blood of the gazelles and springboks. Rather than give up their nuts and wine for a single day, these human tigers would crunch the bones of their best friends, yes, of their own fathers. It is their nature. They cannot help it. And yet tigers are very beautiful.*

The increase of general destitution around me in the State, and indeed over the whole land, after I became rich, was something alarming. I was beset for charity on all sides. For this I had provided years before when putting myself to sleep with waking dreams of what I would do with my fifty millions. Accordingly I selected Mr. Wm. E. Binford [a worthy, good man, still living. A useful citizen, too. There are now said to be more Binfords than Smiths in Virginia—1901] as my almoner for the males, and for the females, after patient inquiry and research, I chose a powerful widow of Culpeper.† My selections were well made. Both possessed the physical

* The older I get the more toleration I have for healthy rascals—but a sickly rogue I hate. 1879.

† Mrs. Elizabeth Bexley, relict of the late Shiflett Bexley, an able-bodied and excellent woman. She died, much to my regret, in August last, and was succeeded by Miss Parthenope Shanks, a raw-boned and athletic spinster, who I fear is using my money to buy up some feeble widower for a husband. But this I would not say openly, for I have learned to fear all women. 1883.

strength, the natural benevolence, the equable temperament, and the discretion indispensable to their trying offices. By saving me a world of annoyance they earned my lasting gratitude, and so well and wisely did they discharge their duties that they became the best-loved people in Virginia. All minor charities were referred to them. Special cases, and they were not a few, I reserved for myself.

[Wealth acquaints one with a world of poverty which otherwise would never have been known. Worse still, they seem to be poor who once appeared in easy circumstances. It is very sad. And yet I love to be sad. I was always sad, very sad. 1888.]

My immediate kin, whether by blood or marriage, were amply provided for, perhaps too amply. Little or no harm befell those of mature age, but in the second and third generations I had much cause to repent my benevolence. Call it that, in the sense of well-wishing, because I am not benevolent otherwise. Some of the girls became the prey of fortune-hunters, and not a few of the boys went heels-over-head to the devil. Anticipating this, I was well steeled against their troubles when they came, but confess that the repeated applications for assistance from the ne'er-do-weels fretted me so that I almost longed to regain the quietude of poverty. Yet, what could I do? Upon occasion I could shut the purse-strings as tight as any man, but if I didn't help them their parents or grandparents would; and, as I was so much more able to bear the burden than they were, I signed many a check with more of a snort than a sigh. Truly, "if riches increase, so do they that consume them," as the Psalmist saith. My bed was not all of roses by any means. The world went not as I would fain have made it go with my millions.

That my own children did not share the fate of so many of their kinsfolk was due to the good sense, the patient watchfulness and determination of their excellent mother. No credit is due me, for the simple reason that my mind was so occupied with other matters that household cares were left perforce to the dear, capable hands which had always controlled them. My children were good children. When they reached manhood and womanhood my affairs

had assumed such a shape, and my schemes were in a state of such forwardness, that I could devote myself, in a great measure, to the heavenliest of delights—the doing of good where it was needed in a way that made it appear to come suddenly from the skies. In this my children and their mother aided me signally, each vying with the other in displaying tact, delicacy, and wisdom. One of my granddaughters discovered unquestionable genius for these "sky-surprises," as we called them, and so extraordinary were her inventions, and so discreet her gifts, that I think it not immodest in me to say that during her lifetime, which was all too brief, more good was done in a more delighting and oftentimes enrapturing manner than in all the other years of my life put together.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

Fits of Pride—How cured—A Sneaking Heart-Devil—The Pleasure of Giving—Some Schoolmarms—Ham. Chamberlayne—Deacon Handy—"The Native Virginian"—Numerous Widows—Colonel McDonald—Billy Christian—Trick on a Fat Doctor, etc.

FITS of pride, more from the consciousness of power than the conceit of riches, attacked me from time to time. These I could cure with the greatest ease and certainty by promptly shutting up my business office and going out into the woods. If the weather were not too bitter, I would go even in midwinter. What comes out of the speechless trees, up from the bubbling waters, and down from the deep heaven, I cannot tell; how the sweet influences of nature operate upon the vanity-swollen spirit I cannot tell. But I do know, and it is all I can tell about it, that on my return from the forest I was no more humble than a tree is humble, and no more proud; simple, natural, healthful, and you may add helpful, as a tree is helpful to give shade to the fawn or shelter to the birds; that I was, and that is all I was. Try the forest for an hour or two, my opulent friend.

Something very much more crafty, creeping, and villainous than the ordinary vanity of wealth assailed me over and again. It was what the theologians, if I do not misunderstand them, call spiritual pride—Pharisaism. Going along the street I would have to haul myself short up, for while my heart would be floating in a delicious warm-bath of self-love my heart would be saying, "You certainly are one of the best men that ever lived in this world!"

I wonder, as my pen traces this very word "world," if my readers will believe me when I tell them that in my dream about riches I had foreseen and provided for this cunningest and vilest of all the devils that sneak into the human soul? It was even so, whether they believe it or not.

"But why do you tell it but to make out that you *are* the best man in the world?"

Partly to show that the imagination, by carefully going over for years and years the possibilities of a given situation, may realize even its most unpleasant details, but more to remind you, my friend, that in a small way you have yourself been plagued by this identical devil. Own up, now. Haven't you?

Lest it be inferred, in spite of my disclaimer, that I was a "mighty good man," let me hasten to say that I was not one of those unpardonably excellent worthies who do not permit their right hand to know what their left hand doeth. No, indeed! Charles Lamb thought that the greatest pleasure in life was to do good by stealth, and have it found out by accident. Well, there is something in that, provided the party to whom the good is done is comparatively a stranger to you. But in the case of friends, I always took care that they found out (not always by accident either) that I was the fellow who had done the good deed. Not for the world would I have missed the pleasure of seeing their pleasure, and of knowing that they knew I knew the source from which their pleasure came. I wanted to see it in their eyes, and feel it come back straight and warm into my own eyes and heart. In a word, I wanted to be loved, and, above all, I wanted to be loved by those I loved best. That was life in its fullness; that was the charm of wealth.

To know that riches enabled my children to escape the myriad pangs that beset my own clouded and poverty-stricken boyhood and early manhood, when one is most capable of enjoying and giving enjoyment, was a great deal to me. But more, far more, was it to know that they could feel the warmth and brilliancy of their sunlit morning reflected back from the faces of those whom they had befriended and made even happier than themselves; that is, if it be true that it is better to give than to receive, which I much doubt, because the giver can never surprise himself in giving, and the "sky-surprise," as I have already intimated, is as near as can be the coming down from heaven of something direct from God. And what can be better than that? Don't think me impious if I sometimes question myself as to how it may be with Him who can never be surprised by receiving what He longed to get, but never dreamed He would obtain, and to whom nothing, literally nothing, can ever be given; since from the infinite wearisome beginning He hath had all things.

I have now, I believe, finished all my twaddle about matters purely personal, and, after narrating a few specific donations which gave me unusual pleasure, will proceed at once to detail those public benefactions which I may reasonably presume to be of general interest.

During our entire married life Mrs. Adams had manifested a strong fondness for a half-dozen or so of Virginia schoolmarms. My yielding and obedient disposition made me a meek participator in this fondness, and the consequence was a serious injury to the youth of Virginia by robbing them of their teachers. But, to atone for the loss, a number of middle-aged men, who had not hitherto been able to perceive how closely their happiness was bound up with the aforesaid marms, became the most radiant and bounding of husbands, bestowing on me whenever I chanced to meet them a cataract of gratitude which made the back streets more than ever desirable as a route to my office. On the part of the marms, truth compels me to say there was not quite so copious a downpour of thankfulness. One of these went so far as to tell me frankly that she wished I had kept my plaguey dollars to myself, so that she might have opened a boarding-

house as soon as she got old and ugly enough, and so have been free as the wild gazelle on Judah's hills. [I do not believe that boarding-house keepers enjoy any large freedom.] But when I remembered how jaded the poor souls had looked at the close of their sessions, and the evident pleasure they took in new bonnets and in the coat-tailed thing, all their own, that dangled behind them as they entered church, I could not repent me of the evil I had done.

Hampden Chamberlayne having a fondness, and not a little fitness, for the editorial calling, I thought to surprise and please him by presenting him with a couple of newspaper toys in New York (the *Times* and *World*, if I remember aright, which I hoped he would consolidate under the name of the *Worldly Times*), but he surprised and enraged me by promptly selling them out, and establishing a semi-weekly in Richmond, his State and its capital being very dear to him. So successful was he, that some time early in the 80's he was sent to the United States Senate, where, against my earnest advice, he distinguished himself by his efforts against centralization, already too far gone to admit of hopeful opposition.

[A worthy, good man, talented beyond question. The War of the German Uprising in '88 was no sooner begun than he joined the army at St. Louis, rose rapidly to the rank of General of Division, was captured after the sacking of Philadelphia, and instead of being shot, as a brave soldier should have been, was guillotined in front of the Imperial Palace, and immediately under the eye of Ulysses II.* A serious loss, not only to the army, but to the cause of liberty. 1895.] [My mind is now being made up that the friends of liberty should have no heads.]

No amount of money could keep me from scribbling, and no amount of money could insure me against the rejection of my articles by editors who presumed to know better than myself the style of articles best suited to their papers, and so being obliged to have a scape-pipe for my foolishness, I, with extreme difficulty, persuaded

---

* The true name of this person was Frederick Dent Grant. A Virginian named M. was his Minister of War.

Stofer and Scott to part with the Piedmont *Virginian* and the Gordonsville *Gazette*. Stofer did not consent until I bargained to pay him one thousand dollars a year for his services, and agreed that he should sleep at Orange Court-House every night, which he did, purchasing a neat horse and buggy for that purpose. Consolidating the two journals under the name of the *Native Virginian*, at Gordonsville (which had increased to four thousand souls under the stimulus of the Chester Gap Railroad, and the unremitting immigration exertion of Digges), Stofer and I published the paper there for a good long time, affording snack-buyers an abundance of cheap, but not very clean, wrapping-paper, and annoying the editors throughout the State by incessant personalities and political inconsistencies. Charging nothing for subscription, or for advertisements, except in the case of patent medicines and circuses, we gradually ran up our list to three hundred and fifty, including exchanges and copies given to friends on the cars.

The hearts of numerous widows, ay! and married women, and maids too, sang with joy after I got my money. I went all the way to Kansas to find a widow of whom I had long lost sight, but never for an instant forgotten. And lo! she was married, and so were two of her daughters. But that circumstance did not daunt me a bit. I hadn't come all that way to return with my finger in my mouth, I tell you. Help I would, and did. There, too, I encountered a person named Christian, grizzled and furrowed by plenteous hard knocks, but warm and true as of yore. In vain I tried to win him and his back to old Virginia, so that we twain might roam once more the wooded hills above the James, as in the halcyon days agone. "No; he had outlived that life. He could not bear to see the change in his dear native State. Please God, he would teach his boys that a man could die clean-handed and upright-hearted in the midst of roughs, villains, thieves, and dogs." There, then, after a charming two-months' visit, I left him with greenbacks enough to brighten his old age and give his children a good go-off in life; and I saw him no more.

Deacon Moses P. Handy, being the son of a most

worthy Patriarch and Presbyterian preacher, and having done me many a good turn, I did something in return for him.

[NOTE.—For the matter of turn, all the editors and reporters in Virginia and Maryland, and a good many in Tennessee, and others in other States (take them "by and large," they are the best class of people in the world), had been kind to me, and I remembered every one of them to the extent of one thousand dollars in gold, a house and lot, a barrel of whisky, a box of cigars, a set of open-back shirts, by Spence,* and a basket of champagne for their wives, apiece.]

Deacon Handy being enough of an old and new school Presbyterian, and also enough of a Baptist and Methodist, for the purpose, I attempted to gather unto him all the religious papers of Richmond, satisfied that he would so combine them as to make out of them a colossal fortune. Sectarian influences easily thwarted me and my money, and consequently the good deacon had to scuffle along with the combined evening papers as best he could. Summoning Chesterman to his aid, he made so good thing of it that he was able to bring all the boys under cover, including even wild Moral Donater.†

Colonel James McDonald for twenty years had exhibited so persistent a purpose to help me on to the full measure of his ability that I was bound by natural law to hate him. I did not give him one single cent. But, on going to the bank one day, Mr. Davenport said to him,—

"Colonel, interest has been piling up here for three or four years. Are you going to let it run on indefinitely?"

"Interest! What interest?"

Then for the first time he discovered that his three

---

* Haberdasher of the period. Worthy good man. Remarkable man. At the age of seventy-two he could turn a double-back somersault, shears in hand, and cut out a swallow-tail coat before he lit upon the ground. Saw him do it with my own eye two times hand-running immediately after dinner.

† Geo. Wilde, a model reporter of the period,—most astonishing and indescribable partly human being living at that time.

children had to their credit rather more money than was good for them. They pulled through, though, thanks to their excellent training, enjoying life, and making citizens of whom the community, and especially the poor people, might well be proud.*

There was an old doctor in Middleburg whose name and face were associated with some of the most sorrowful and sacred memories of my life. Thirty or forty years of arduous country practice had obtained for him the unbounded esteem and affection of scores of people, who were too poor to compensate him, if, indeed, monetary compensation could have repaid him for all he had done for them. Him I placed upon his pins so firmly that there was no danger of his ever being shaken, demanding only that he and his dear wife should make us a real old Virginia visit once a year. This they unfailingly did, and the way in which I used to beat the old man at backgammon was something for him to brood over in a mildly vengeful fashion during the remaining eleven months of the year.

There was another doctor, not quite so old as my Middleburg friend, but much more rotund. He had placed me under such obligations that for a long time I had not been able to look him straight in the face. It was imperatively incumbent upon me to proceed for him, and for him I proceeded in my own style. One winter evening, just as he had seated himself at his table, on which a superb dinner was served, and had paved the way to a first-rate talk with the particular friends around him, the door-bell rang.

"Man want to see you."

"Tell him I'm at dinner."

"Say he 'bleest to see you."

"Let him wait, then."

"Say he 'bleest to see you right now."

"Tell him I am—at—*dinner!*" thundered the doctor.

---

* The family removed to France in '84, and one of the sons, or grandsons, named Dudley, I think, made such reputation in the horrible war of French Vengeance, as it was very properly called, that he was elevated to the rank of Marshal (recalling Macdonald of Wagram) and Duc de Berlin.

"Say he don' keer if you is; he got a wheelbarrer full o' silver and gold out dar, and it a rainin'; he bound to see you."

"Burbage, hand me that stick!"

His son having handed him the cane, the doctor was about to bring it down with all the force of his massive frame upon his servant, when the guests, rising with one accord, restrained him.

"Fo' Gawd, sir, de man do say de money ar dar; *I* ain't a lyin', sir, ef *he* ar."

To shorten the story, the money *was* "dar," sure enough. Night had fallen; it was raining; the banks were closed, and so were the brokers' offices.

The doctor was furious; dinner getting cold, and nowhere to put all that money. For a moment his brain, large as it was, was utterly at fault—for a moment only.

"Here, boy, dump that stuff upon the floor of my office. My son, run and hire a section of artillery to stay up all night and take care of it. Give them whatever they ask; hang me if I'll miss my dinner for forty thousand wheelbarrows full of silver!"

It took half a decanter of the best sherry to quiet him down, but then he forgave me (there was no mistaking the source of the annoying present), and his guests say he never talked more charmingly in his whole life.*

---

* There was not much money after all, the amount by actual count, as I was told, being only twenty-six thousand four hundred and twelve dollars. An odd accident occurred. Just before day the fire-bell on Third Street rang, and the men in charge of the cannon becoming alarmed, fired their pieces, breaking all the panes of glass for several squares around. Of course I settled the bill; the second time I had to pay for window-panes, the first being in Prince Edward in 1841–2, or thereabouts.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

Laura Park—Sneers at Jones and Adams—The Great Reservoir—New Market-House—Grand Celebration—Arrival of Old Lynchburgers—Ballard Kidd and Harriet Rouse—Works at Curdsville, etc.—Rage of a baffled Rich Man—College for Old Virginia Fiddlers, etc.

HAVING finished the outline of matters of a personal nature, I now proceed to detail at some length the larger works of a public character in which myself and my agents were engaged for so many years. And first for Lynchburg.

The object of Calvin Jones's repeated horseback rides was to obtain a site for a park. This, after much negotiation and not a little finesse, he secured in the vicinity of the low range of mountains called Candler's, at a distance of several miles from town. How many acres were embraced in the original purchase I do not now recall, but with the additions made to it in after-years Laura Park* (so I named it) contains, as is well known, within a fraction of four thousand acres. Everybody cried out that the distance from town was an insuperable obstacle; that poor people could never enjoy it; that only the owners of horses and carriages would ever go there; omnibuses and other hired vehicles would impose too great a tax; that Adams always was a fool, Jones was a fool, and that the whole thing was a notable exhibition of the absurdities into which well-meaning men were sure to fall whenever they undertook to execute work that required practical sense. Jones went serenely on, year after year, clearing, grading, grottoing, water-falling, laking, bridging, and beautifying generally, until people were amazed and almost ready to hang him because he did not formally open the park to the public. Crowds went out on foot, on horseback, in buggies, hacks, etc., to look at and admire the work as it progressed. Livery-stable men reaped

* Named for Miss Laura N. D. Christian—my sweetheart.

a rich harvest, and looked forward to a harvest still richer when the park should be completed. Something was whispered about the right of way which Jones had bought for a road of his own from town to the park, and endless were the sneers and innuendoes.

"Nice man, that Jones! Oh, he's sharp. He ought to be satisfied with his salary, his commissions on contracts, his jobs of all kinds; but that ain't Jones, you know. He wants a snug income of his own after all his jobs are played out. He's a keener, Jones is!"

All of a sudden Jones, having made sufficient headway in the park, put several thousand men at work, and in an incredibly short time a quadruple-track road, with footways and perfectly macadamized drives on either side of the railways and between the double tracks, with elms and other shade-trees planted at suitable intervals, was finished, and the announcement made in the daily papers that cars drawn by dummy-engines and driven by compressed air would run every ten minutes to the park *free of charge*.

There was a change of tune instantly.

"Don't you remember my telling you when Jones was a clerk in Robinson Stabler's drug-store, and Adams was loafing around there doing nothing, that both of them were remarkable men? Why, yes you do! I can tell you the very place where we were standing when I told you. It just shows, though, how different men of genius are from ordinary people. They never do things in the way you and I would do them. But haven't we got a magnificent park? It beats Central Park all hollow. I just tell you old Lynchburg has got something to be proud of."

"Yes, the park will do very well as it is, and it will be a great deal better when Jones has completed his improvements on the sides and tops of the mountains; but that reservoir business strikes me as the craziest notion that ever entered Moses Adams's head; and what he has bought all the land in and around Scuffletown for, I can't imagine."

I (or rather Jones for me) had bought the whole of Reservoir Square, and a large force in addition to that employed at the park was engaged in laying a massive granite foundation all around from Dr. Payne's corner to

Mrs. Turner's, the Methodist church and the dwelling-houses having been already demolished. Leaving the old reservoir intact, Jones ran up his granite wall to the height of one hundred feet, forming a grand structure of five stories, counting the floor of the original reservoir as one, each story supported by arched masonry of the most solid and perfect workmanship, and each floor being in fact an additional reservoir ten feet in depth, extending, as did that at the bottom, over the entire square, with the exception of some forty or fifty feet between the outer and inner walls, which were filled in all the way to the top with arches, upon which the stone flooring of the colonnades was placed. There were transverse walls and arches wherever needed to give strength to the mighty structure. My knowledge of architecture is far too limited to enable me to describe technically this reservoir, or collection of reservoirs elevated one above the other, but from what has been said the reader may form some idea of its appearance. By flights of steps the successive floors were easily reached, each ascension giving a broader view of the picturesque scenery around Lynchburg, until the battlemented summit was attained, from which the panorama was as fine as well could be. Under the colonnades the townspeople, and especially the lads and lasses and the children, found a charming promenade in good and even bad weather, except when the wind drove the rain far under the arches. To strangers and visitors the reservoir constituted the chief attraction of the growing city, dividing honors with the park, and generally eclipsing it, owing to its being within the corporate limits and so accessible. The much more powerful machinery needed at the pump-house was made under a special contract in Lynchburg, the house containing it was enlarged and beautified, and the two made another attraction to the city.

For a time after the water was pumped into the higher reservoirs (enough being always kept in them to furnish an ample supply for the houses in the highest parts of the city), the bad boys, who had not then ceased to abound in Lynchburg, amused themselves by throwing sticks, stones, etc., into the water, and by sailing miniature boats

thereon, but this was speedily ended by a couple of policemen, detailed to guard the place; after which it became, and has ever since remained, a delightful resort. Much has been said about the Roman baths, aqueducts, and amphitheatres, but I doubt if the world contains better masonry than this same reservoir, the proportions of which are as graceful as its workmanship is solid and enduring. Jones prided himself upon the park, but for my part I shall always consider the reservoir as the true monument of his taste and genius.

In my youth, when engaged as local editor of the Lynchburg *Virginian*, I had exerted my entire battery of derision against the market-house,* a hideous affair, which would long since have passed out of the memory of men but for the large and very perfect photographs of it in its different aspects, each more horrible, if possible, than the other, which I had taken, and which remain to this day in the new market, as unimpeachable evidence of the crude architecture of the early age of Lynchburg. The new market, in the form of a cross, extends under Court-house Hill from Church Street to the foot of the hill on which many years ago stood the residence of Mr. Charles L. Mosby, and from what used to be called Tan-yard Alley to a point about a square beyond West or Cocke Street. Its width is fifty feet, height twenty feet, except in the centre, where the dome or rotunda rises to the height of sixty feet. Excavated throughout from the naked rock, arched and cemented so admirably that not a drop of water ever percolates the vaulted roof; not whitewashed, but painted from end to end with the best quality of white zinc, and paneled in simple but elegant designs, brilliantly illuminated day and night with gas, of an equable temperature nearly the year round, it is at once the most commodious, convenient, comfortable, and useful market-house in America. Large as the city became after the great iron-factories were established, its size, its central location, and the fact of its not being in the way of any above-ground improvements, gained for it such esteem

* The old man seems to have been wholly ignorant that a lovely new market-house was erected as early as 1873.—*Ed. Whig.*

among all classes, that no other public market has been thought of, and but few green-groceries or private markets have been started even upon the outskirts of the city.

[The inauguration of the New and the destruction of the Old Market-house was made the occasion of a grand celebration. A vast procession of former residents of Lynchburg, headed by Mr. Frank Morrison, in a big overcoat, lantern, umbrella, and boots, who bore a large square banner, with the gilt device, "WE COME!" arrived in a special train and marched in solid phalanx up Bridge Street. Conspicuous among them were Colonels Shields, McDonald, and R. F. Walker, of Richmond; Mr. Daniel H. London, of New York; Mr. W. H. Ryan, of Baltimore; Mr. S. V. Reid, of Cincinnati; Judge D. A. Wilson, of New Orleans; Mr. J. William Royall, of St. Louis; Mr. Mike Connell, of Memphis; and Senators Withers, Thurman, and Allen, of Washington. President Grant was indisposed, and could not come. At the head of Bridge Street the procession was met by Dr. H. Grey Latham, clad in a complete suit of armor. Behind him were the clergy, the Knights Templar, the schools, public and private, the fire companies, and the whole populace. Dr. L.'s address of welcome was delivered in such tones of thunder that it frightened the inhabitants of Amherst Court-House, who immediately dispatched a company of volunteers to the city, thinking the Confederacy had broken out again. Salvos of artillery pealed aloud, and several large sand-blasts were set off. Mr. A. McDonald then read a beautiful poem written for the occasion by a distinguished literary lady of the city. The proceedings closed with a memorial oration by myself. When I recalled the touching circumstance that those revered citizens, B. Kidd and R. Jones, had derived the greater part of their sustenance from the Old Market-house, and that the maiden, Rouse, had drawn almost her entire stock of haslets throughout a pure and prolonged life from the butcher-blocks of that same market-house, the vast concourse was flooded with tears. At night the city was illuminated, there were balls, fire-works, etc., etc., but no whisky or profane language. A full account of everything appeared in the papers of the next morning, and was sub-

sequently printed in pamphlet form, copies of which were eagerly bought up by the New England Historical Societies, who had agents on the spot. Cuthbert, of the New York *Herald*, made an intensely interesting report of the affair. Copies of the pamphlet are now exceedingly rare and valuable. I know of but one in Virginia, and that is in the hands of Mr. Thomas H. Wynne. The Virginia Historical Society has offered five hundred dollars for a duplicate, and an eminent Virginian archæologist has decided to print two hundred fac-simile copies for exchange. Market-House Memorial Day has been for many years a legal holiday in Lynchburg. 1900.]

Simultaneously with the constructions in and near Lynchburg, other works were carried on in Curdsville, at the Buckingham Female Institute, in Farmville, Richmond, and elsewhere. To my lasting regret, Jones could not or would not take charge of the more important of these works. I begged him to do so, but he said, not without truth, that I had given him as much as he could properly attend to for many years, and that, while he cared little for reputation as an architect, engineer, and landscape gardener, he *did* desire it to be said after his death that what he had undertaken to do he had done really well. It is a pity that others in my employ did not share Jones's conscientiousness. I do not intend to call names, nor is it necessary for me to do so (the works speak for themselves), but I cannot refrain from saying that the pain I often experienced in the failure of my schemes to insure the happiness of individuals was hardly ever so great as that I continually felt when looking at some of the public edifices which I shall shortly mention.* Added to the mortification I could but feel in thinking over the folly of my selection of this or that man as my agent, and to the rage which I never ceased to experience whenever I was cheated or deceived, was the intolerable sense of impotency at being balked in my plans in spite of all my millions. Though I had counted upon all this, and though I had steeled myself against it as best I could

* I have concluded not to mention. Why hurt feelings when the hurting does not tend in the least to remove the eye-sores alluded to?

(saying to myself, when I lay dreaming in bed about being rich, "Why, even Omnipotence does not prevent the world from going incessantly awry; and what can you do with your little driblets of money?"), I felt it much the same. Oftentimes I was so incensed and outraged that I determined to abandon all my works just as they stood, or to leave enough money to complete them after a fashion, and go away where I could never see them more, but could live quietly and selfishly all to myself. But, somehow, millions do not make a man free; he continues a slave to his thought, his dream, his scheme, whatever it may be, hoping in spite of his better sense for better things, and having put his hand to the plow goes trudging along, miserably enough.

At Curdsville I bought Baldwin's big brick house with the farm attached to it, and, moving the house away from the allurements of the main, plain road, set going one of the sincerest and longest-cherished desires of my heart, to wit: a college for the education of Old Virginia fiddlers. None but negroes and mulattoes were admitted as students. At first, owing to the rapid decay of material after the abolition of slavery, there was a good deal of difficulty in finding a suitable president and professors,—men who had never been contaminated by indulging in operatic airs, but who understood thoroughly and enjoyed only the real Old Virginia jigs, reels, breakdowns, and the like—men who could play them as they ought to be played, with fervor, with spirit, and the proper accentuation—in fine, men, nigger men, who could and habitually did sling, as we say, a nasty bow. And by nasty I do not mean nasty, but every Virginian knows what I mean. George Walker was the first president, and under him were three professors whose names entirely escape me. Not that there was any real need for so many teachers where all taught the same thing, but that, in case of sickness or death or the calling away of any of the faculty to a big dance or frolic, the course of instruction might not be interrupted. The number of students was limited to twenty; everything, including food and clothing, was free, and no diploma was granted until the student had completed his three-years' curriculum. The scholastic year ended on

Christmas Eve, and the commencement exercises (which wound up with a grand ball given to the young white people) gave rise to the liveliest excitement in all the adjacent counties; tickets were sought for with the greatest avidity, and the written accounts of the proceedings, published exclusively in the Richmond *Whig*, were looked forward to with the most intense anxiety, and read with profound interest not only in Virginia but throughout the South and West. Ten thousand extra copies of the paper were always struck off on such occasions, and often failed to meet the demand.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

Blessings of the Fiddlers' College—Dancing *vs.* Pure Hugging—Course on Fife and Tobacco-Horn—Blind Billy—Buckingham Female Institute—"Chermany" and "Ant'ny Over"—Langhorne's Tavern, Ça Ira, New Store, Raine's Tavern, etc.—Spout Spring, Red House, Pamplin's, Tarwallet, etc.—College for Old Virginia Cooks—Hampden Sydney College—Mosque and Shot-Tower at Burkeville.

THE benefit to be derived from a college of Virginia fiddlers was at the outset the subject of not a little fun.

"Adams," it was said, "has got so much money he don't know what to do with it. The thing will soon play out and be forgotten, or remembered only as another instance of the foolishness of rich men. The money is his own, though, and if he chooses to throw it away in that manner it is his own lookout. Pity he hasn't sense enough to devote it to some charitable object."

What is commonly known as charity found little favor in my eyes, and as for the objections made by the wise men of that day, they had been foreseen and provided for long before the college was founded.

Unbelievers were cured in this way:

After the college had been in operation for a sufficient time to perfect the professors, as well as the students, in the true Virginia sling of the bow, I caused tickets of invitation to the commencement exercises to be sent to a

number of Northern belles, who never in their lives had danced anything but the so-called round dances,—waltzes, polkas, mazourkas, etc. They attended (their expenses being paid, indeed, every outlay incident to the commencement was defrayed out of the ample endowment), the novelty of the affair attracting them; but before they returned home the fire, the life, the inspiration imparted to them by real dancing, and by such fiddling as they had never dreamed of, carried them completely away with enthusiasm, so much so that they went back to their Northern homes only to order Virginia fiddlers whenever they could get them, and to introduce Virginia dancing in all of the great cities. How popular that dancing and the fiddling which inspires it, and without which it could not exist, has become throughout the Empire, no one need now be told. True, the lovers of pure hugging still insist upon having their persons grappled and tousled by any two-legged animal in trousers they can find, but the better classes, who can be merry and at the same time decent, much prefer the style disseminated by the Curdsville College. And this I consider a great and permanent blessing to mankind.

Subsidiary to the regular Curdsville curriculum was a course on the fife, the proper playing of which I vainly sought to revive. Never was there a more complete failure. After a few years of earnest toil, fife-playing was dropped and never resumed. The truth is, the art of performing on the fife died with Blind Billy. I never knew a man but Billy who could do justice to the fife—a glorious instrument (not for military, but for terpsichorean purposes) in the hands of a man of genius. Such a man was Billy. I wish I knew his history.

If I failed signally in the matter of the fife, my success in the course which I substituted in place of it was equally signal. So early as 1870, the old original tune played on the long tin-horn previous to the tobacco breaks in Lynchburg had become garbled. It could readily be recognized as a sickly and adumbrated simulacrum of its grand original (tobacco men never failing to respond to its summons), but it had lost much of that wild, weird, and deadly unearthliness which characterized it from

1820 to 1830, and even later than that. It is, in my deliberate judgment, the most ghastly and appalling chant that ever emanated from the musical imagination. The name of its composer is lost in the night of oblivion. My opinion is that it is not the work of any one man, not a single composition struck off in the heat of inspiration, but is more likely a growth and the product of many minds. Be that as it may, in 1870, the decadence of Ethiopian life and art, which followed the liberation of our Virginia slaves, was most painfully marked in the change that had taken place in this astonishing old tune. Previous to his departure for Georgia, Jones had often lamented with me over this sad change, and he had often promised to write out for me, in full, the notes of the tune as it was blown in its prime.* The establishment of the Curdsville Fiddlers' College enabled Jones and myself to rescue this tune (far more peculiar and saddening in its effects than the famous Miserere of the Sistine Chapel), and to restore it to its pristine completeness. Jones not only wrote out the music, but, leaving his work on the park and reservoir, came down in person to Curdsville, bringing with him a tobacco-horn blower from Planter's or Martin's warehouse, and stayed with him until he was thoroughly enough versed in the tune to teach it. His class was small. Few cared to devote themselves assiduously to the study of the horn. Hearing of this, I immediately instituted a Horn Prize of one hundred dollars in gold, which soon brought an ample supply of aspirants, and I have now the satisfaction of knowing that so long as the world stands and tobacco is sold in Lynchburg, it will be sold to the sound of the most mournful and remarkable combination of notes ever framed by the human mind.

My object in buying the Buckingham Female Institute was not merely to save it from the utter destruction which seemed to await it, but to establish there another Fiddlers' College for white men exclusively. But remembering that

---

* Kroitner also promised to do the same thing, but never fulfilled his promise. Germans settling in Virginia soon get to be Virginians, even in the matter of promises and procrastination.

the practice of Virginia fiddling, beneficial and, indeed, ennobling to the black man, has a tendency to encourage dissipation in the white man, I abandoned the original plan and consecrated the Institute wholly to the instruction of able-bodied young men in the ancient and manly games of "Chermany" and "Ant'ny Over." The etymology of the former game is obscure. It may have been "Germany," though I have never known a Dutchman to play it or even to be aware of its rules and regulations. My aim was to supplant the vile pastimes of base-ball and billiards which befell the Commonwealth as a part of the loathsome legacy bequeathed us by the war. I could not, indeed, believe that these debilitating and abnormal sports would perpetually exclude the time-honored and patriotic games to which Virginians had been accustomed, but my fear was that after the base-ball business the awful thing called cricket might follow, and that I could not have borne. Those silly wickets and those absurd bats are to my mind execrable, inexcusable, and unfounded upon reason and common sense.

I am happy to say that the wholesome streams poured forth from the pellucid fountain of Virginian sports at the Buckingham Institute permeated and percolated the Commonwealth until base-ball disappeared entirely, and billiards were relegated to the largest cities, where they will forever divide the honors with bagatelle, which I take to be the last resource of manikins.

My feelings toward Farmville and the whole region thence along the old stage road, and the railroad too, up to Lynchburg, were of the warmest character. A portion of Cumberland also was dear to me. There was nothing I would not have done for Cartersville, for Oak Grove (formerly called Walton's Store when I went to school there, some seventy-odd years ago, to Mr. Burns), for Tarwallet Church, Cumberland Court-House, for Langhorne's Tavern, Ça Ira, Hard Bargain (Mr. Page taught me, and I had the itch there), for Raine's Tavern, the New Store, the wild region once called Algiers, for Walker's Store (my father and I once stayed all night there with old Mr. McDearmon), for Prince Edward Court-House (to turn back a little, where Mr. Ballantyne

taught me, and I learned to shoot the horse-pistol), for Appomattox Church, near which I spent in boyhood many happy days at Dr. Merritt Allen's, for Pamplin's Depot, for the other Raine's Tavern, which subsequently became Appomattox Court-House, for the Spout Spring, for Concord, and every foot of the way thence to Lynchburg. There was nothing, I say, that I would not have done for these places and others I could name,—for example, the Red House Tavern, in Charlotte. Indeed, I wanted to do something for the first lock below Lynchburg, for Bent Creek and Warminster, so affectionate was my remembrance of them all, but many were past doing for, and others needed little of my assistance; as, for instance, Farmville, which prospered greatly after the lunatic asylum and the *Mercury* were started there. All I could do for Farmville was to buy the place called Mountain View, which my uncle, Mr. James Evans, rented for a number of years, and erect upon it a foundation for the everlasting education of real old Virginia cooks, so that as long as the human jaw continued to work in the Virginia countenance, ash-cake, good loaf-bread, fried chicken, and a thousand other delicacies known only to Virginians should exist for said jaw to play upon. It furnishes me infinite happiness to be able to state what is well known to all the enlightened natives, that the Evans foundation secured forever to Virginians the cooking and the food without which they would long since have ceased to exist; and not only that, but that from this invaluable institution (which I designed as a nursery for Virginia cooks, partly of both sexes, but mostly fat females) there went forth so large a supply of cooks that I was enabled within twenty years to establish in all the principal cities of the world Virginia taverns, where a man could eat an old-fashioned dinner of every variety of Virginia meat, vegetables, and dessert, including pan-cakes and fritters, and afterwards retire to a real old Virginia room with an open fire of hickory or pine, as he might prefer (or with fennel in the fire-place in summer-time), and smoke Virginia tobacco in a Virginia pipe as he leaned back in a split-bottom chair and cocked his feet on an Old Virgina mantel-piece, duly ornamented with an oblong gilt mirror, divided into

three compartments, flanked by tall silver candlesticks (a candle-stand being in readiness for them when desired), and surmounted with a picture of General Washington crossing the Delaware, or commanding at Monmouth.

I do believe that these Virginia taverns have done the world a great deal of good. An archæological interest attaches to them. They carry forward into the new times the very life and custom of a remote and glorious past, for they present in addition to the furniture of a former era (for which those who are the least curious about the customs of their ancestors have always the liveliest fondness) the actual food and the manner of cooking it which obtained in the days long gone by, and in that way they afford the historian precisely that information which in regard to ages still more remote, fancifully called prehistoric or stone ages, is left almost entirely to conjecture. Nor must I omit to notice the remarkable circumstance that, notwithstanding the changes which are continually taking place in the human constitution, unfitting it in general for the diet of previous times, the Virginia eating has proved, after long trial, to be suited to all times and to all modifications of the system. It is now admitted by the best physiologists that Virginia ash-cake, streaked middling, etc., will probably be as welcome and as wholesome to the last men who inhabit this planet as it was to Buck Farrar, of Farmville, in 1811.

[It was an immense relief to me when I learned that Hampden Sydney College had raised three hundred thousand dollars, and that a sum still larger had been obtained for the Union Theological Seminary. Long experience had taught me that only very rich Yankee men can do much for colleges (Southern men being fine promisers but poor payers), and I had so much to do and so little to do it with. I thought it hard, too, that I had to build the perfect Mac-Adam road (the only one in the State) from Farmville to the college, with shade-trees and sidewalks all the way—hard, because I believed that the professors on College Hill maintained a bad dirt-road because they did not want outsiders to obtrude into that delightful little Republic of Letters. But I built the road for my own sake, and cannot say I am sorry I did build it, though I now think it ought

to have been a plank-road, for the benefit of Evans's saw-mill and other saw-mills that needed employment.

Everybody said I ought to have built a narrow-gauge railroad instead of a MacAdam road. I could not so think. At that day there was a mania on the subject of narrow-, as at an earlier day there had been a mania about broad-gauge roads, but now no one doubts that many even of the latter ought not to have been built until the country became more thickly settled. The same amount of money spent in first-class turnpikes would have been productive of much more good, and given much more comfort to country people. As soon as Virginia became an integral part of the Empire, a moiety only of the former taxation being applied to the improvement of country roads made the land habitable, and then, for the first time, immigrants ceased to alight for a moment and depart the next, like so many wild pigeons.]

I might, if space permitted, dwell at some length on this important subject, but must hurry on to Richmond, saying only in passing that little favors, such as drinking-fountains, equestrian statues, etc., were distributed freely to Warminster, and other places heretofore named, the particulars of which I do not recall, my memory being at fault, not so much because of age as on account of the multitude of things done in various hamlets and cross-roads which were dear to me.

[Here it will be in place to say that the drinking-fountains were not whisky-fountains. This is a specimen slander of the thousands gotten up against me by the newspapers. The thing is absurd on its very face; for I suppose there is not a man in the world, a man rich enough, to furnish free whisky to the places named above even if they had desired it, which they did not, the love of it having departed from them.

As to the accusation that my taste presided over that parody of the Bunker Hill monument, at Burkeville, that, too, is a vile slander. I did furnish the money to build there a shot-tower two hundred feet high, and requested its shape should be that of the Eddystone light-house. But the contractor, a violent Southern man, would make it like the monument in question, painted it black and

varnished it. As a shot-tower it was not a success, though Mr. Hennipinkle, a worthy German, managed it economically. I had a suit about it with the contractor, but was, of course, cast on account of my supposed wealth.

It was cut up into stories of ten feet each, the first of which was a bar-room, the second a tank, the third a job office, the fourth an editor's room, the fifth a sumac mill, and the rest were rented out as lodging-rooms for artists and poets who came to spend the summer and study the scenery. In that way it paid very well. On the top was a huge lantern, illuminated by calcium lights, which proved useful to the railroads at night, especially after the tracks were doubled. The great black tower looming up two hundred feet in air, and flaming like a small sun, made the night approach to Burkeville singularly fine and novel.

The superb mosque built by me not far from the town as a dancing-hall for the good people of the vicinage, was much admired, but was burnt by a fanatical dervish, who came through the James River and Kanawha Canal on the first packet-boat that traversed its waters after its completion to the Ohio—a sad end to so pretty and enjoyable an edifice. I could not rebuild it, being in reduced circumstances.]

SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

Good Sidewalks in Richmond—Council of Cobblers and Ostlers—New Capitol proposed—Intense Rage of the Legislature—Speeches of Indignant Members—Appearance of Capitol in 1910—Strangers from Japan and North Carolina—Deplorable Consequence of a Bank, etc.

I CANNOT say that I loved Richmond as much as I did Lynchburg and Curdsville, but it was the capital of my State, needed, I may say nearly everything, contained males and females whom I liked far more than they liked me, and was a good field for expenditures and experiments. Therefore, I spent money right freely for it.

In the first place, it was in 1878, when I commenced

active operations, the worst-paved city, as to sidewalks, in the civilized world, and, large as it was, it did not contain one of several kinds of edifices much needed. The Great Moral Donator told me that a man who could donate himself a hack-ride every hour in the day need not be concerned about sidewalks or railroad stations; one good theatre would, in his opinion, be of more use and comfort than anything else. But I had corns, many and grievous corns, and loved to walk sometimes, much as it pleased me at other times to look down from my own carriage at Jack ——, but I will not call his name. So I paved the better part of the city, and thus made it a pleasure, not a pain, to walk the streets.

[I have just been informed that, for many years, the common council consisted wholly of ostlers, who were in league with the cordwainers, cobblers, and boot and shoe men of every description. The town of Lynn, I am assured, contributed annually ten thousand dollars towards the maintenance of a perfect system of detestable sidewalks. To the best of my recollection those sidewalks were not touched from 1860 to 1878, say eighteen years; meanwhile, the streets were kept in good condition, many of them being repaved, and many new and long streets built. Thus the ostlers had the happiness of seeing their horses properly considered, while the shoe men enjoyed an immense business obtained at a most trying expense to the pockets and toes of the most patient and uncomplaining public in the world. 1892.]

What I wanted to do, above all things, was to clear away every building, except St. Paul's Church, from the Exchange Hotel to Eighth Street, and from Main to Broad, so as to give me room enough for my new State Capitol. But this, like many other projects dear to my heart, had to be given up. In my earlier dreamings I had always intended to complete, on an improved design, the Washington Monument, in Washington, and to erect on the vacant lot, between that monument and the Smithsonian Institute, an Academy of Art (painting and sculpture) which should be without an equal in the world. That idea had, of course, been long abandoned. The little money I owned wasn't a hundredth part of what was

needed in Virginia. But it was hard to give up the design of that enlarged and splendid square in Richmond, with its stately capitol, modeled upon the original, but far loftier, more capacious, and imposing. How often I had seen and gloated over them in fancy! My principal was untouched, but much was to be done, and the best I could do (in fact, it was all I could do to that particular end) was to offer the State a gift of one million of dollars on condition it would issue its bonds for a like amount, the total of two millions to be devoted to the building of a capitol worthy of Virginia and its history.

Although I offered to take all the bonds myself, the proposition produced an uproar in the legislature, and brought down upon me a shower of abuse.

"This bloated capitalist, Adams," said the member from Zedville Court-House, "offers a gross indignity to the Commonwealth. Sir, the State of Virginia is not a pauper. She wants no capitol, and when she does, she'll build it herself out of the surplus arising from the sale of the West Virginia certificates. In my *humble* judgment this insidious capitalist has designs upon the virtue, integrity, and manhood of this Commonwealth."

"My learned and honorable friend," said the delegate from Xton Xroads, "does not put the case too strongly. I, sir, consider that the great and mighty State of Virginia is bound to uphold this building, and to cherish it forever as an immortal, priceless legacy bequeathed from the fathers. This, sir, is a high hill. From here down to the river is a matter of sixty or eighty feet, and if we want more room, why, sir, we can dig down to any extent, and have as many basements as we please. If we strike water we can pump it out, and if cement is needed, as good cement, sir, can be had at Belcony Falls as thar is in this world—pure Old Virginyar cement, sir. What does the bloated Adams say to that, sir?"

"They tell me, sir," exclaimed the senator from Bullaningunsopolis, "that the building is rotten. True, sir, for I myself have punched a hole in its heaviest timbers with my little finger. But, sir, we can bind the dear edifice together with competent hoop-iron, or better still, with resolute and unyielding grape-vines from our

native hills, and so, sir, fondle, sir, and encourage it, sir, that, sir, it will not fall till it crumbles into small, sacred dust. True, sir, that many have been killed in this loved mansion of the mighty, departed dead. But, sir, what is human life compared to this blessed and venerated old building? It is as the infinitesimal droplet of the ordinary aqueous fluid in the bounding and boundless ocean of unfathomability. Besides, sir, we need not assemble in these ancient old halls. Temporary and cheap sheds should be erected for our accommodation against the railings of the Squarr, to be used during the brief but economical session, and then took apart, sir, for future reference. Once a day we could, in joint body, emerge from our sheds, and, with locked hands, gaze in speechless joy, awe, and adoration upon this ancient, old, and uninhabited (except by a few officials) contraption."

I left my offer standing for a year or two, and then, by the advice of my friends, withdrew it.

[The capitol as it now appears with its grape-vines and bands of hoop-iron is considered a curiosity. Many strangers from Japan and North Carolina come every day to look at it. The four hundred large pine-trees, carefully whitewashed, with which it is propped on every side, are specially admired. A collection of long iron rods running through and through the building, and secured to the tail of the horse of the equestrian statue of General George Washington, also attracts attention. 1910.*]

[No antiquarian can fail to applaud the large public spirit which incased the Bell-house in massive walls of French plate-glass, so that it can readily be seen with the naked eye, and, at the same time, be secure from the profane punching of people whose business in life is to job things with walking-sticks. And while I cordially indorsed the importation from Lynchburg of the old market-house and its re-erection in the square as a unique monument of the past, I must be allowed to say, with

---

* Virginia did not build a New Capitol at that time, nor in any after-time, simply because a capitol was not needed in a petty Province that had ceased to be a State.

due humility, that it is not, perhaps, the fittest place for the storing of public documents. 1912.]

Considering the two millions refused by the State as so much clear gain, I could no longer refuse my assent to a proposition of a practical turn which had been urged upon me with great force by some of my business acquaintances. My opinion had always been, and still is, that Richmond, before the war, was plenty large enough and very nearly rich enough. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that there is no more need for monstrous cities than for monstrous individuals. But in this no Richmond person agreed with me, the universal opinion being that the bigger the city became, the better off everybody would be. So I gave my consent to the establishment of a bank, which should not be a side-show to some big shaving-shop in New York, but should be conducted solely in the interest of Richmond merchants, millers, manufacturers, and mechanics. The result was astonishing even to me, with my astute and capacious business mind. New industries in iron, cotton, pork, canned fruits and oysters, and a hundred other products sprang up like magic, and each reacting upon the other caused so sudden and so vast an increase of prosperity as to alarm calm men and to sadden me to the uttermost, for to me the growing city meant growing wealth to the comparatively few (no matter what their number might be), and growing poverty to the many, with accompanying vice and crime. But the force had been put in motion, and the work went on with ever-accelerated speed. Within five years we had wrested our coffee trade from Baltimore and New Orleans, established a Birmingham reputation for our wares in steel, started a fair rivalry with Lowell in cotton goods, and what is of more importance than all of these put together, we had gained enough of common sense to know that our flour ships could bring from Brazil not only coffee but *hides* as well. Boston became scared, as indeed she could not help being, at our shoe and leather business, which outstripped all our other businesses. Money fairly rolled into Richmond.

But I cannot dwell upon these practical matters. To

recall them, brings nothing but pain. What earthly right had a humorist to meddle with such things? Here is this great city [numbering now fully half a million of souls, 1911], and here are all the evils that belong to all such cities. One cannot go to see his friends without traveling from two to ten miles on the street railways. [Rich as people say I am, it is out of the question to consume an hour in my private carriage when the cars, drawn by dummy engines, will carry me the same distance in a few minutes, and at a cost of only a penny.]

[Just here it is due to myself to say that the suggestion about hides, with its dreadful results in the increase of business, wealth, and population, was not my own. I disclaim it utterly, and am in no way whatsoever responsible for its origin. The suggestion was made to me as far back as 1873, by Hon. James McDonald, and he alone is to blame for all the deplorable consequences. For if my money enabled Richmond men to carry it out, they could not have carried it out had no such suggestion ever been made. I wash my hands of the whole business, which I regard as deplorable in the highest degree. 1919.]

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Railroad Depots in Richmond—Improvements on Broad Street—Shields House—Virginia Historical Society Building—Colonel T. H. Wynne and Dr. W. P. Palmer—Automaton of Com. Porter—Brice Church—Free-Pew Question settled—Paganism of Adams—Pulpit Propriety and Duck Guns—Rev. Dr. Broadus—Varlets, Cudgels, and Assassins—Congregational Singing—Church of Spectroscope.

It is as natural for a rich man to build as for a beaver or a bird. I was pressed almost beyond endurance to do something for Richmond in the way of public edifices which should in some faint measure approximate the only really grand, substantial, and tasteful structures of which the city could boast during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. I mean the railroad depots. But this

was clearly impossible. Profuse as these depots were in number, each was much more unique, stately, and wonderful than all the rest, including itself. The reproduction on Broad Street, between Eighth and Ninth, of the Poecile Stoa, simple, pure, chaste, and lovely, was not more thoroughly Greek and agreeable to the highly cultivated eye than the colossal Aztec, Assyrian, Etruscan, and Congo constructions on Byrd, Pearl, and the bottom of Broad Street, near the old market. Nor must the prehistoric kjokkenmodding of the York River road be nonenumerated.

[On a little scrap of paper attached to the outside of the bundle of the Adams MS. were found the remarks below, from which it would appear that the old man meditated great things for Broad Street, but whether before or after he became satirical it is impossible to decide, there being no date to the scrap.—*Ed. Whig.*]

[One of my first investments in Richmond was the purchase of the Fredericksburg depot property on Broad Street. Finding that the removal of the railroad track had given a wonderful impetus to business, and that various palatial stores had displaced the shanties and shackly houses which formerly flanked that street, I determined to build a splendid hotel on my property, formerly the site of the depot. The hotel was finished in 1881, and was named the "Shields House."* It was the

---

* Colonel John C. Shields, a warm-hearted, worthy man, after whom the hotel was called. His real name, Lieutenant-Governor Gilman assures me, was Porter, and he was the only son of Commodore Porter by his twelfth wife. When his father got married a thirteenth and fourteenth time, young Porter became indignant and assumed the name of his mother's family.

Commodore Porter's death, at a great age, left such a void in the community that I engaged an ingenious mechanic to make for me an exact facsimile of him in wood. A more perfect automaton was never constructed; it walked all about the city, collected accounts, talked, and smoked, and could not be told from the original commodore except by the closest inspection. It was touching to see it going along, with its venerable beard and pipe. The bad boys would sometimes tie him to a post, and the machinery being still at work, his legs kept moving in the oddest manner, and he exhibited all the signs of violent rage. At last they got to lighting their cigars by scratching matches on his nose, and

most magnificent hotel outside of Chicago. Ballard was the first lessee, and he seldom had a vacant room, so great was the rush of visitors. As a grateful tribute to the "Broad Street Association," I appropriated one-half of the first year's rent of the hotel to the purchase and erection of a bronze statue of James Lyons, the president of the association. I always regretted that I did not buy several hundred acres of land beyond the western confines of Richmond, for as soon as the Court of Appeals decided that the ordinance prohibiting the use of locomotives on Broad Street was valid, the owners of the street railway extended their tracks to the fair-grounds, property in the vicinity of Richmond College jumped up one hundred per cent., and such was the activity in building operations that the contractors of Richmond had to bring at least five thousand mechanics here.]

As I had not the means to cope with these prodigies of architecture, I contented myself with the purchase of the three squares lying between Capitol and Broad and extending from Ninth to what was called in old times Governor Street. After sweeping away all the buildings which had not particularly adorned this space, I erected on the square, between Ninth and Tenth, a proper building for the Virginia Historical Society. I say "I erected," meaning by that only the money part of the matter. The selection of the design, details, etc., etc., was left to the executive committee, who intrusted the execution to Colonel Thomas H. Wynne.*

[So great was the revival of trade and the increase of wealth in New Orleans after '75 that the Southern Historical Society was carried back by acclamation and en-

---

sending him around with profane and indelicate verses written on his forehead. Out of all patience at this, I gave him to Henry Eustace, who made a large fortune by exhibiting him through the country. It is said that when General Richardson felt him and found that he really was wooden, and not the genuine commodore in *propria personæ*, he just laughed himself to death.

* A most extraordinary man. The only thoroughly practical and at the same time excessively antiquarian man I ever knew—good dinner-giver.

dowed with a million of dollars at the very first meeting held in that city.]

Who the architect was that Wynne engaged I do not now recollect, nor do I know how much of the interior arrangement is due to him and how much to the architect, but the building as a whole excites general approbation for its beauty, simplicity, and durability. The interior could not be improved. I should myself have liked a more elevated structure, but the limits of the lot forbade anything loftier. It is a pleasant resort for the student and the lover of Virginia in the past. It is not a museum for noisy boys and men, for giggling girls, or for open-mouthed curiosity-mongers. For a great number of years it has been in charge of Dr. William P. Palmer, who devotes his whole time to it, and each succeeding year becomes more and more absorbed in devotion to the interests which the society was designed to subserve. The fund, ample for all purposes, provides for what many consider very expensive annual meetings, which have become, in fact, historical festivals, lasting several days. These are looked forward to by our best people in every part of the State not with interest merely, but with eagerness.

Openly, and by indirection, I was made aware of the fact that Church This and Church That would receive me as a member, and without too rigid an examination. The hope was held out to me that my means were sufficient to justify me in the indulgence of the expectation that I might one day anticipate becoming an elder or vestryman, and might possibly at some time be allowed to hand around the basket if I dressed becomingly and paid enough attention to my hair. But whilst in one sense I was a Christian (an imperfect one, it is true), I was also a pagan and worshiper of Pan, loving the woods and waters, and preferring to go to them (when my heart was stirred thereto by that mysterious power which, as I conceive, cares little for worship made statedly and to order on certain recurring calendar days) rather than to most of the brick and mortar pens that are supposed to hold in some way that which the visible universe no more contains than the works of his hands contain the sculptor who

makes them; for I take it that the glittering show revealed by the mightiest telescope, or by the hope mightier even than the imagination of the highest mind, is but as a parcel of motes shining in a single, thin beam of the great sun unseen and hidden behind shutters never to be wide opened. Howbeit, I do dearly love good preaching by an umble, not hum-ble, man, who has thought and felt; and this tempted me to buy the Rev. John A. Broadus for my own use and behoof. But that good man declined the proposition, and an enthusiastic Baptist threatened to cane me for daring to make it. (I was not afraid of the man, but business called me out of town that very day!) I was forced, therefore, to build my own church and hire my own preachers. It was placed on the lot next to Governor Street, was circular in form, seated comfortably a very large congregation, and the pews rising one above the other in amphitheatre form, gave great satisfaction to people who distressed themselves very much on the free-pew question. The poor people chose the lower seats nearest the preacher, whilst the rich, though but little farther off from the pulpit, enjoyed looking down upon their neighbors. In this way all were gratified. For myself, having plenty of money, pews gave me no trouble, and as for sects, my Panness (not theism) enabled me to discern much that was admirable in all sects and creeds from the Jew down (or up, as you will) to the Catholic and Presbyterian. Dogma is to me a mere gustatory matter of the triflingest moment, but freedom, the very essence and atmosphere of intellect—(this does not consist with the previously expressed views of Adams about the will, but that is the old man's lookout and not ours.—*Ed. Whig*)—is the all-important matter. To an all-embracing mind like my own, dogma of any kind is the baldest absurdity. For every thread,* however minute, in the Web of Things

* Of course there is no thread and no web. A thread which at every point of its extension should meet and intertwine with threads coming simultaneously from all points of an infinite sphere, would be a better figure, but still a clumsy one. No image can at all portray the complexity and coherence of things material with things spiritual. Yet theologians and scientists squabble about intrusion into their several domains, as if co-existencies and inter-existencies (to coin a word intended to ex-

(the capitals "W" and "T" are important here) runs back and forth to infinity, and until you have grasped the two endless ends you cannot possibly tell, or so much as guess, the connections and meaning of any one fibre of thought or fact. And revelation, be it what you claim for it, like all things else, must have all the lights of the eternal past and the eternal future thrown full upon it before it is interpretable in terms of the whole truth, less than which can never satisfy human craving or explain human action. Nevertheless, if your tooth incline you to mustard of the best with Methodism, go and be merry therewith, only do not grow hot against me because my palate leads me inevitably to Episcopacy and the mild oil of the olive.

(My pastor, the Rev. Dr. Asterisk, has not induced me materially to modify my views, though I find with advancing years that fixedness of opinion is less objectionable to me than it was aforetime. 1897.)

By no means did I engage to attend regularly my own church. There was too much disposition to make room for me, and to give me a seat, although my ear-trumpet was a fine instrument, and the acoustics of the building were perfect. The sum set apart for the minister—five hundred dollars a Sunday (and we had a new preacher every week)—generally secured an excellent sermon and a very large attendance. Collections were never taken up, nor were boxes placed at the door so that persons might deposit their offerings without interrupting the services. Clergymen were engaged of all denominations, care being

---

press life within life) could by possibility be dissociated. It is child's play. "These toys are mine and you sha'n't touch 'em." "These are mine and you sha'n't touch 'em either." What folly! It is the ever-recurring and ever-beneficent struggle between conservation and development. "Yet you say, what 'folly' and 'child's play.'" I do. Folly has its uses, and child's play is beneficial. The war between science and religion must go on forever. Reconciliation is simply impossible. That proposed by Herbert Spencer is in effect an absolute surrender on the part of theology. Let the Titans continue their unending wrestle, satisfied that whichever falls will not long remain down, but, Antæus-like, rise strengthened by his fall. For this universe is a large concern, and the finding out of even the edge of it will occupy some considerable time. Meanwhile the fight of "hold fast" and "go ahead" must continue and ought to continue.

taken to get the best of each, and but a single restriction was placed upon them. Under no pretext or disguise whatsoever was pulpit profanity for one instant allowed. Familiarity and intimate personal acquaintance with Deity, His thoughts, His ways, His dealings, and even His intentions (more shocking to me than any bar-room profanity), were sternly kept down by a man in the organ-loft armed with a heavily-charged duck-gun, and instructed to shoot down the offender without remorse the moment he offended. [Since my removal from Richmond, the killing of one or two pulpit criminals (I am tempted, and mean nothing profane by it, to call them boon companions of the Almighty, for that is what they would have the people believe) has been reported to me, but the reporter being an editor I place not over-much confidence in his report.] Better, far better, it always seemed to me, was the awe and trembling of the Hebrew who dared not pronounce the name of the Holy One, or who did it prone with his mouth in the dust. Reverence without humility, there can be none; and, if the preacher be not reverent and humble from the very inmost of his soul, never can he hope to make his congregation so. When he assumes to know, as if by recent personal colloquial interview or chat, the views and purposes of the Almighty, he forthwith and of necessity adopts a dictatorial, vicegerential tone that is offensive and shocking in the last extreme. The duck-gun, in connection with the congregational singing,* which was encouraged in every conceivable way, and until the people learned to join in it heart and soul, did good. I do not regret the round sum laid out in this way, though it was altogether inconsonant with my original intention, which was to give my money to deserving individuals, and not to edifices or institutions of any kind. But he

* There can never be thorough, hearty, and joyous congregational singing where the attendance is large, as was the case in my church, which did not bear my name, however (God forbid!), until competent leaders, male and female, are distributed at proper and sufficiently numerous points in the body of the church. This was done in Brice Church (named for Miss Nancy Brice, of Lynchburg, one of the sweetest and purest old ladies that ever drew the breath of life), and the effect was everything that could possibly be desired. The plan has since been almost universally adopted.

who undertakes to live two centuries and a half ahead of his time, is much like a tadpole who tries to play humming-bird. He simply don't do it.

[Having reached a ripe old age, and seen much of the world, I am inclined to doubt the value of free preaching. It was when the Gospel was heard at the risk of life and limb that it was rightly appreciated. I begin seriously to think that if a stout varlet provided with an oaken cudgel were stationed at the door of each of the churches, and instructed not to admit any one who refused to pay half a dollar on the spot and submit also to a sound drubbing, there would be a much fuller attendance, and never any occasion to send round the hat, or to make appeals for home or foreign missions. But here it is not only fitting but indispensable for me to disclaim the charge recently made in the Bedford *Sentinel* that it was through *my* instrumentality and *my* money that the band of two hundred Italian and Spanish brigands who last year passed through the country parts of Virginia, assassinating every member, young and old, of every congregation whose minister had not been paid up in full, was brought to this State. I solemnly declare that I did not do it—had no lot or part in it. At the same time I am delighted that it was done. The places of the assassinated have been filled mostly by devout, industrious, thrifty Scotchmen, and Virginia, in its rural aspect, is a different and better thing. Presbyterianism, however, is alarmingly on the increase. But I suppose we must put up with that. 1900.]

[I have this day refused peremptorily to subscribe toward the completion of the Church of the Spectroscope (on Foushee Street), with the Vibratory worship of the Great First Cause (a sort of scientific Shaking Quakerism), and its sacred readings from Hindu Vedas, Norse Sagas, Scandinavian Eddas, Emerson, and George Sand, by a son of Moncure D. Conway. No; from the Vibratory standpoint I don't see that there is any more occasion for a Great First Cause than for a Last Great Effect. I much prefer to worship the Father who pitieth his children and remembereth their infirmities. But very much more do I prefer to say that it is no human being's business what, whom, when, where, how, or what for I worship, or whether I

worship at all. Whether I have the right or not I leave it to Dr. Blank to determine; but I do most certainly exercise the right (call it faculty, if you will) of being just as skeptical as I please, and just as superstitious as I please, at one and the same time. Impossible! For you, yes; for me, nothing more natural, and indeed, unavoidable. I don't know, can't know, everything; and, as to rights, I think the greatest of wrongs in this world is to dam up the thinking apparatus, or rather to close the shutters, leaving open only a little chink, and to say, "Now I've got all the light in the world, at least all that is good for me, and if I let in any more it will damn my soul to all eternity."]

It may be that my lowly birth and my early association with uncultured folk incline me to sing by my lone self "How firm a foundation" rather than join young Mr. Conway when he plays from the pulpit on a silver saxhorn what he calls the "Holy Galop," (composed expressly for Mr. C. by Gungl, or Bungl, or Dungl, or some other vibratory Dutchman); at all events, I do sing it with my whole heart, whenever I feel like it, and intend to keep on singing it whenever I feel like it, in spite of all the Conways and Spectroscopes in existence.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

Mr. Pigskin on Immigration—Adams Hints at Empire—Ten Thousand Dollars each to Fifteen Hundred Girls—Bad Consequences of Good Intentions—Excitement in Virginia—Adams Hated—Regarded as an Active Intransitive Fool—Gov. Kemper—Expensive Joke on Wife—A Lesson to Husbands—Rev. Dr. Peterkin—Venom without Spondulics.

ABOUT this time—I think it was about this time (my memory is not failing me, but I am much occupied of late, and besides, the chronological order of my benefactions or non-benefactions is not so important after all)—I was approached by a large delegation composed of some of

the leading men of Richmond and, indeed, of the whole State. I could see by the way they took off their hats that they wanted money.

"Gentlemen," said I, testily, without waiting for the spokesman to open his mouth, "Gentlemen, you cannot be ignorant of the fact that Mr. Binford is the proper person to apply to. My time is val——"

"Strike, but hear us," pompously interrupted Mr. Felix Pigskin, principal citizen of the period.

"Say on," was my submissive answer, as I settled myself back in my arm-chair and adjusted my trumpet.

"You desire to do good to Virginia?" inquired Mr. P. I nodded assent.

"And have been uniformly thankful for suggestions looking to that end. Your patience and humility——"

"Come to the point without compliment, Mr. P."

"Well, then, sir, being for the time being the honored voice of Virginia, I am requested, and in fact instructed, to say, that in no manner whatever can you so well serve the State whose soil your birth has hon——"

"Oh, pish!"

"——ored, as by aiding and abetting with your ample means the cause of immigration."

"And that is the object of your visit?"

"It is."

"Then, gentlemen, let me say, in all kindness and frankness, that your mission is a vain one. If Mr. Binford has a few thousands to spare, you are most heartily welcome to them, but the matter rests absolutely with him, not with me. Anxious as I have proved myself to be to serve the State—indeed, I have little else to live for—I am still constrained to think that money will be wasted in the attempt to transplant full-grown trees or men to worn-out soil."

"But the deep plowing of stalwart Yankee-British arms will bring up new soil."

"True, quite true; but perfect candor compels me to say that the real Virginian, being a product of slave society, and of slave society only, cannot be reproduced under any other conditions whatsoever, and it is not my desire, however much it may be to the interest of land-owners, to see

the few remaining Virginians supplanted any quicker than they would be and ought to be by the natural course of events. That another and a very different race (perhaps very much better race, but not better to me) will in time reclaim our lapsed lands, and that the day will come when the shores of our American Mediterranean, the Chesapeake Bay, will teem with cities and population I make no doubt, but the first indispensable step to that result is the removal from the settler of an incubus that weighs down to the earth every inhabitant, native or foreign-born, of Virginia. I mean the State debt. Get that paid by the central government, accept the fact of empire with all its unpleasant consequences to us of this generation, and then, but not till then, will it be worth your while to incite immigration by solicitation—not the best way any way. If you have so very good a thing in this climate, soil, latitude, proximity to the sea, etc., the world, I should think, would not be slow to find it out. In this day of telegraphs, light cannot be hid under a bushel. But until the debt is assumed by the true debtor, and the only one able to pay it, money spent for immigration purposes will be money thrown away. Good-morning, gentlemen."

They withdrew, not in the best of humors.

Binford, if I can be certain of the fact, gave them a trifle of ten or twenty thousand dollars, but no one has yet told me that much good came of it.

"Conceited old ass, he thinks because he's got money that he's got more sense than all the world put together. By George! don't I remember the day, here in Richmond, when, by universal acknowledgment, he was regarded as the most active, intransitive fool in Virginia!"

So said one of the delegates as they left my office; and his opinion, I had too much reason to know, was for a long time the general opinion in the State. Men, feeling the weight of my wealth, did not give open expression to their opinions, but I could see it in their eyes; the newspapers had got after me, too, and I suffered. Living, and desiring only to live in order to give pleasure to my brother-Virginians, I could not bear their ill will, even when I knew that they were wrong and I was right.

But the delegate was not wrong in his assertion. I *was*

conceited, and my money had made me so in spite of myself. General deference to my opinions and the power of carrying out my views at times elevated my self-esteem to an inordinate degree, I doubt not. Very often I could not dispossess myself of the belief that I had made my fifty millions with my own hands or by my own sagacity; at any rate I felt that I deserved them, being such a good man, and that uplifted me mightily in my own eyes. It took visit after visit to the woods to cure and humble me. The measureless and inexhaustible force of nature, its utter indifference (in the midst of great love) to what we call great or small, finally brought me back again all safe, simple, and unconceited.

[I now think I ought to have given a couple of hundred thousand towards immigration; funds were getting low, considering what remained to be done, but I could have better stood the loss of ten times that amount than the averted look of one unfriendly eye. I care too much for public opinion.]

As when the State declined to accept my proposition to build a new capitol, so now, when I felt constrained to decline giving money to promote immigration, I considered that I had added just that much more to my principal, and accordingly proceeded to spend it with a good deal of glee, as a poor fellow often does when a windfall of a few dollars comes to him. The scheme was not wholly my own, but was suggested to me by one of my most trusted and sensible agents. It was, in a few words, to give in fee simple ten thousand dollars cash to each of fifteen hundred girls (so many to each county, city, and town) on the day they got married to some strong, healthy, handsome, sensible, good-natured, sober, industrious young man, who had proved himself to be a good son and brother—the girls to be just as healthy, sweet, well formed, pretty, modest, and dutiful as the boys. The proposition, as soon as its sincerity became known beyond all cavil, produced an excitement the like of which was never, as I honestly believe, witnessed in any part of the civilized world—no, not even in time of war. Words quite fail me to describe it. "What is healthy?" "Who is pretty?" "What does he call good-natured?" "Who

is to decide about being well formed?" etc., etc., etc., etc.

In vain I protested that I had nothing on earth to do with defining or deciding anything. The State was in an inconceivable ferment. I was bedeviled almost to death, and finally had to run away to Canada to get rid of the clamor; and even there I was beset. "Let the girls in each county call a convention, and leave it to the county judge, a board of physicians, the overseers of the poor, the county surveyor, anybody, anybody, Lord, for the sake of peace."

No, they wouldn't hear to that—they wouldn't hear to anything, until at length Governor Kemper,† being appealed to, decided that there was but one way to settle it, and that was by lottery in each county, etc. But then the money was not to be paid till the day of marriage—how about that? It was even so—that was in the bond.

Well, such a demand for young men, such attention to even decently respectable young men, on the part of impecunious parents, such beautiful eyes cast at young men, such running away to distant States of young men who didn't want to marry anybody, such indignation and drawing back of young ladies who wanted neither money nor husbands, but wanted to do just as they pleased and marry just when it suited them, such fun, excitement, bickerings, jealousies, fights, and family quarrels when the marriages did take place, were never seen, heard, or dreamed of. Virginia was a most unhappy State until the thing played out and the money set apart was expended to the very last dollar. It was a sad ending of what I thought a good scheme. Old people sometimes allude to it as the run-mad scheme, but it has been generally forgotten.

I am glad, though, that I tried it. It satisfied me that the plan I had been practicing, from the time I got my fifty millions, of helping deserving young couples in the quietest possible manner, was the best, indeed the only practical plan. But some of the wilder young fellows did

† A good, honest, solid, upright, black-bearded, badly-by-Yankees-wounded, Madison county man of the period.

have what they called a high old time, and certainly if there is fun in excitement there was excitement enough in Virginia for about two and a half years.

[The State hasn't yet recovered from the furious family feuds occasioned by my well-meant, but ill-judged, action in this matter, and never will in my day. The worst-hated man in Virginia, by fully two-thirds of the people, is myself.]

But to return to my building.

My wife, the most sensible woman I ever knew (my acquaintance is limited), soon after my good fortune came from heaven, said to me,—

"Moses, because we are rich that's no reason we should be fools."

"W-e-ll, I don't know about that."

"Come, don't try to be sarcastic, or I'll say something presently that'll make you wish you had never married——"

"I often wish that."

"a woman that isn't quite as big a ninny as you are. But what I mean is this: that there is no sense in our building a huge brick advertisement of the fact that we have money. Every rich man does that. My idea is to have two spare chambers for our friends—I suspect we'll have a good many now—and that's all. Of course the house will be as well furnished, tasteful, and comfortable as possible. A small, perfectly equipped house, that's what we want. The more house the more servants and trouble about cleaning and keeping clean—don't you think so?"

"Yes'm," said I, meekly.

"You are such a goose! But I certainly—no, Virginia says 'certainly' all the time—I do really like you as much—as much—as much as you liked me the day cousin Susan Brown sent me fifty dollars."

The upshot of it was that we bought the house that Rev. Dr. Minnegerode lived in in 1874—on Clay Street, I rather think (but the fact is, my memory for names, dates, places, and things never was good), modernized and mansarded it (Mrs. Johnson Jackson assured me that no respectable person from the upper ends of Franklin

and Grace would ever visit me if I did not mansard it), and made it snug in every way. It became a pleasant place to visit about dinner-time. I insisted on buying this particular house, because I had often picked it out in my days of poverty as perhaps the only place in which a man could find a home and at the same time repose from the women and children. This I got by building a two-story office at the lower end of the garden, where I could be out of the reach of feminine and juvenile jargon and intrusion, and where I could have at any time what Dr. Howland (a scientific lecturer of the period) would call "a general view of the valley"—the vale of Butchertown, to wit.

We did have a good deal of company. People seemed, for some reason or other, to be fond of us. Often, a little too often I thought, my wife and myself were forced to ascend to the mansard and swelter there, which made me bless the mansard and wish I could have my family to myself as in the days when, perhaps owing to my poverty, people were not so fond of us. However, it was a great delight to have those we really loved (my wife had a prodigious width as well as depth of affection) with us, to make them as comfortable as kings and queens, and to give them dinners that were fit for something a great deal better than gods. Jupiter never ate a good dinner in his life, the truth being that J. was not born in Lynchburg. The dinners were so delightful that I look back to them as the happiest hours of my life. Happiest! no; I will tell you ere long what hours were really the happiest of all. To be sure, I could retreat to my office at night, when the house was full, and enjoy the moonlit valley aforenamed to the full. But this was not being at home. Finally, my wife bought a couple of houses in the neighborhood and placed them at the service of surplus and not agreeable company. This was all very well; it relieved the pressure without touching too deeply on my privy purse (Binford, his female coadjutor, and my public enterprises having cut me down to less than half a million a year for individual and household expenses), but when, day after day, I came home only to find my house a livery-stable, as it were, or hack-stand, my wife having

ordered, in addition to our private vehicles, from six to eight others daily, to be sent hither and thither for the use of this or that sick friend, or for some friend who was not sick, but would "enjoy a ride so"——. When I saw this I got mad, as husbands will do, and determined to make her sick of the carriage business. Accordingly, I bolted off in hot haste, fully bent on buying every carriage, hack, buggy, and thing of the kind in town; but as I walked on I cooled down a little and contented myself with the purchase of one hundred and seven hacks, carry-alls, rockaways, phætons, coupes, drags, buggies, gigs, single-chairs, drays, tumbril carts, etc., etc., including sixteen omnibuses, four furniture-wagons, a milk-cart, and two wheelbarrows, with horses and mules to match, goats also for the wheelbarrows, and ordered them all to assemble simultaneously at my front door the next day at twelve o'clock.

"Now, old lady," thinks I, "if you don't get your digestive apparatus full of wheeled vehicles for poor folks, then I'll agree to eat all the omnibuses, and half the goats."

The scene next day was a refreshing one. For several squares the street was blocked up with carriages and things, and an immense crowd of wondering people gathered immediately to see what the matter was.

"It can't be a funeral," said the people, "for there is the milk-cart. Whoever heard of a milk-cart at a funeral?"

As driver after driver came up, knocked, and announced that his vehicle had been bought and paid for, and ordered to come at twelve o'clock for Mrs. Adams's commands (I poked my head out of a mansard room, where I had hid myself, and watched the whole affair), the state of that good woman's mind may be imagined. She sent for twenty policemen to disperse the vehicles and the mob, but the policemen, finding that there had been a *bona fide* purchase of the vehicles, and that the drivers had actually received orders to assemble, could do nothing. Mrs. A. was in despair. She sent for the Mayor, but he too was powerless. Made desperate by the frightful aspect of affairs, for the mob had now in-

creased to many thousands, she said to the Mayor, "If these drivers have been directed to obey my commands, will you see that my commands are executed to the letter?"

"Most assuredly, madam."

"Then I command these drivers to drive their vehicles to the nearest auction store, and there sell the vehicles, horses, etc., immediately to the highest bidder, and you, Mr. Keiley, are to receive the proceeds of the sale, and turn them over in full to Dr. Peterkin's* fair, now being held at No. ——, Main street."

It was done, and I never got mad with my wife any more—at least not to that tune. I think she told me that the church realized some eleven thousand dollars from the sale.

Of all the vehicles, she reserved but one—a choice dray, thirty feet long, and drawn by seven tomato-catsup-colored mules; so convenient, she said, for moving at one haul all the furniture of any poor friend who wanted to move.

And a shave-tail mule, from that day to this, gives me facial neüralgia, accompanied by symptoms of trichina spiralis.

[Other men have confessed to me that they, too, have often wished to pile bonnets, boas, redingotes, or other special weaknesses of their wives, upon their heads until they were suffocated, or nearly so. But being men of feeble feelings and little money, they could not vent such rage as mine with the pecuniary violence exhibited above. They have the venom, but not the spondulics. Perhaps it is well.]

---

* Rev. Joshua Peterkin—a true Christian—a man of God, if ever I knew one. (The joke is, that Dr. P. never countenanced fairs.—*Ed. Whig.*)

NINTH INSTALLMENT.

Sad Results of an Explosion—Drs. Cullen and McGuire—Happy Resection of a Steeple—Burwell Music Hall—Great Fiddling Festival—A Treat for Pretty Girls—Happiest Time of Old Adams's Life—Gen. Richardson and Col. Sherwin McRae—Adams's Patent Lecture-Halls—Judge Waller Stapler—"Johnny Reb."

[FROM this point onward the old man's style, rough at best, gets more and more incoherent; he repeats himself, and is utterly regardless of the rules of construction—his interpolations and foot-notes increase in number, and become almost vexatious, indicating the inevitable decay of the powers of mind and body.—*Ed. Whig.*]

It was a well-timed thing in me to buy the City Hall, Dr. Preston's Church, etc., just when I did. The people had entertained much unamiable emotion in regard to the edifice first named, which had been reported to be unsafe. Judge Guigon* they said was inclined to be, not severe—that would be too strong a word—but a little brash; the Common Council exhibited the usual, but not more than the usual, defectiveness of common sense, and an odor approximating the job-stench pervaded the atmosphere.

When I attempted to pull down the walls of the said-to-be-unsound City Hall, nitro-glycerine had to be used, and with most disastrous results. The Broad Street Methodist Church steeple was completely skinned of its slate scales, and so badly cracked that it was carried at a right-shoulder shift for nearly eighteen months. Architects having given it up as a hopeless case, Drs. Cullen and McGuire were called in, and after a vain attempt to reduce the luxation, flooded the body of the building with chloroform, and performed the operation of resection with the happiest results. The explosion also produced a violent irritation of the neck of the pool or baptistery

* His first name was Alexander—a worthy, good man of the period, endowed with a stout judicial spine. He wore a standing collar and a large black silk cravat of the Ridgway pattern to the very last.

of Dr. Burrows's church, which caused it to leak unhealthily until sugar-of-lead pipes were introduced. A cure soon followed. Thereupon everybody admired his own wisdom, and said, "Didn't I tell you so—didn't I? I *knew* what I was talking about; and I always said that five thousand dollars would make the City Hall bran new, and strong enough to last a thousand years."

But as everybody had said that, nobody, not even the councilmen, felt badly.

It will be recollected that in the Valentine House Square the Virginia Historical Society building stood, and Ford's Hotel Square was occupied by Brice Church, enough space being left in both squares for green sward and a number of graceful trees. In the Central Square, after the City Hall was blown down, and the other buildings removed, rose the massive and beautiful Music Hall, also with its green sward and trees. I did not call it an Academy of Music, because it was not, and was never intended to be an academy. Music was not taught there, nor had the building any connection near or remote with Academus, after whom so many Northern musical shebangs were in my day strangely and unwittingly misnamed—a fact which wholly escaped the notice of the Richmond *Dispatch*. There was simply what its name implied, a hall for popular concerts of vocal and instrumental music. In planning the hall, I was greatly aided by Mr. N. B. Clapp, and a few other gentlemen of taste; in truth, after giving them an outline of my ideas, I left the matter wholly in their charge. The public and myself were well pleased with their work. The room is noble in the best sense of the term—lofty, airy, frescoed with exquisite taste, ornamented with busts and statues of the greatest composers, placed at appropriate intervals in niches, with abundant light by day, and glorious at night with jets and chandeliers. No handsomer building, until my cathedral was finished, ornamented the city. It was named Burwell Hall, in honor of my friend, Miss Kate Burwell,* a charming musician.

* Married a country doctor of the period, and I regard most country doctors so far superior to the average preacher that there is no use o' talking.

While the hall was in process of construction, I entered into negotiations with Theodore Thomas with the view of engaging him and his orchestra to reside permanently in Richmond, but this could not be done, the field being too small for him. Nor would he agree to come more than twice during the winter, that is to say, the first week in December and the last in February, and even then he would not consent to remain more than three days each time, although I was willing to pay him any sum within reason for doing so. But before the hall was completed, arrangements had been made by which concerts, and occasionally operas, of the first order of merit, should be given every fortnight during the winter, all the expenses of which were paid out of the endowment. I made but one stipulation with the management, and that was that the programmes should invariably be so arranged as to please the audiences and gradually to elevate their musical taste—the rule theretofore being to make out the programmes in New York, with selections adapted to a very few well-educated musical people, while the mass were compelled to sit by and pretend to enjoy what they could not possibly comprehend. The sight of these anxious fools (of whom I was one) looking into the faces of educated musicians to find when the time came to be in raptures, had so often made me sick that I was determined to do away with it forever, at Burwell Hall, anyhow.

[I recall now with grim delight the fury into which the *virtuosi* were thrown when the hall was inaugurated with a real old-fashioned Virginia fiddling jubilee—not intended as any reflection upon the Peace (accurately peace) Jubilee in Boston—which lasted five days. Curdsville College came down in a body, President George Walker at the head; all the famous white and black fiddlers in the State attended and made exhibition of their skill; and such a riproarious time was had as was never had in Richmond before or since. The people got blind drunk with jigs and reels and whisky. Many marriages occurred soon afterwards. The solos by Mr. James A. Cowardin, Mr. Henry Lubbock, and Mr. Arthur Gooch, were pronounced not inferior to the best Curdsville performances; and the

memorial ode to Ruffin's band, recited by Mr. Henry Hudnall, set to music by Madison Chamberlayne, was sung throughout the State for years afterwards. The inaugural address was made by Mayor Keiley.*]

Music being heaven itself, or the nearest thing to it, except, perhaps, a sweetheart's first kiss, I always intended that the concerts at Burwell Hall should be as free as heaven's air. But this I soon found would never do. The *vulgus* had to be kept out. The price of admission, therefore, was fixed at a sum sufficient to effect that end—say seventy-five cents—and the money thus obtained was devoted to the education of poor youth of both sexes who showed decided musical talent. But whenever there was a pretty, sweet girl, or a girl that was sweet and not pretty, who wanted to go to the concerts, and didn't have the seventy-five cents, you may be sure she not only went but got one of the best seats in the house. And inasmuch as girls (until they get married, after which they are apt to be a shade stingy to everybody but their husbands and children) are naturally generous and do not like to be receiving all the time, even from their beaux and fathers, I provided that they should always select their own escorts, who went in free of charge also. The trouble was to distribute the tickets so as not to give offense. Remembering the dowry business, and unwilling to incur any more odium than I already endured, I intrusted the distribution to two excellent old gentlemen, in whose generosity and discretion I had all confidence, and whose uniform courtesy and uprightness (brought down from a better age) I had long secretly but greatly admired—I mean General W. H. Richardson and Col. Sherwin McRae. As it was a ticklish business, I paid them largely for it. They did their duty faithfully and thoroughly well, avoiding the breakers on which I had been wrecked in the matter of dowries. How the young girls did love them! Unwilling to limit their tickets to the City of Richmond, they requested permission to send them to the country, and that the editors of

* A worthy good man of the period, partly Irish, except as to his eyeglasses. First name Anthony, afterwards called Ant'ny Over, or N'over, for short, because he was elected mayor over and over again.

the country papers should be the medium through which the tickets should go. I readily accepted so sensible a proposition. An increase in the circulation of country papers was soon observable, and we had at the concerts some such girls as grow in no other part of this world but in old Virginia—dear, gentle, sweet, pure lily-buds and blush-roses of life, sinless as children or angels. Ah, my God! how they enjoyed the music. Sitting at my place in the parquette, I would look up into their faces glorified with delight, and—yes, these were the happiest hours of my life. General R. and Colonel McR. never allowed one of them or their lovers or attendants, whoever they might be, in coming to, staying in, or going from the city, to pay a cent; everything was paid for them. Most of the editors sent down delightful girls. But Sandy Garber, from time to time, by way of variety, transmitted some mountain specimens that were—were—I be dog if I know how to tell what they were. It was a treat, though, to the rest of the audience to behold them and watch their bewilderment.

The pleasure which General Richardson and Colonel McRae* derived from their new occupation prolonged their lives to an indefinite period. My memory is a little treacherous, and my books of reference not accessible, and so I will not undertake to say precisely how long they lived. Never before in the history of the world, I dare be sworn, were ticket agents so universally beloved.

About this time Judge Staples,† of the Court of Appeals, came to me and said,—

"Moses, it does seem hard that with all your money

---

* Colonel McRae never did die. As time went on he became quite unhefty, and while attempting to reach the Capitol one March morning encountered a northwest wind that blew him over into the wilderness of Manchester, which made the pursuit and recovery of him unavailing. Transient gleams of him are reported to have been seen as he shot through Isle of Wight, and afterwards went out to sea off Currituck Sound, and it is believed by many that he is still thistling it around the globe in a short cloak and gum shoes, with a small dusty package of State papers in his hand.

† First name Waller. A fine, sensible, strong-faced Montgomery man of the period—very dear to me because he had given me during the war some of the best apple brandy that ever entered the mouth of man.

and your lavish generosity, you have never thought of doing anything for the Court of Appeals."

"Judge," said I, "you are out of your reckoning. I *have* thought about the Court of Appeals, thought a great deal—thought so much that I am inclined to say outright that the court ought to have the whole capitol to itself."

"What!" exclaimed the judge, opening his eyes wide, "what *do* you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you fifty years hence." [His opinion seems to have been that the legislature should be abolished, and the affairs of the State intrusted solely to the courts—all legislation for Virginia and the other States, especially of the South, being transferred to Washington.—*Ed. Whig.*] "All I can now say is that, much as the legislature has abused me for offering to build a new capitol, there are too many good and sensible fellows in that body to refuse to put at no distant day you, the Circuit Court, and the two libraries in the enlarged, mansarded, fire-proof, and glass-domed governor's house."

"Ah, my dear boy," said the judge, with a sigh, "that is a long time off, I fear. Come, plank down twenty or twenty-five thousand."

"No, judge; I've literally not one dollar to spare, nor has Binford. But you'll get your new court-room sooner than you fancy."

[So it turned out. Before the fall of 1877, on the site of the old executive mansion, there was a very admirable edifice containing the Supreme and Circuit Courts, the law and literary libraries, a room for the Virginia Historical Society, etc., etc., which was a comfort and convenience to everybody in and out of the General Assembly, and a most elegant addition to the architectural beauties of the Capitol Square.]

Underneath Burwell Hall was another hall nearly as large, which I devoted to the use of wandering lecturers and readers who had neither the means of paying rent nor the reputation to insure paying audiences. Although there were not many of these creatures left (a fortunate thing for the human race), I regarded them as a greatly afflicted and afflicting set, and peculiarly in need of my care. Therefore I caused to be made a most ingenious

series of screens, which, being touched with a spring, moved swiftly and silently up to and around the audience, so that no matter how small it might be, even if it consisted of only two people, the house should appear to be crowded to suffocation. This proved to be a great comfort to me and my fellow-lecturers and readers. Letters of thanks poured in upon me from all parts of the civilized world, Richmond was never without a lecture or a reading even in midsummer, and I felt that I had done a good thing.

So excellent was the screen scheme that I caused similar lecture-halls to be erected in all the cities, towns, and county court-houses, and places where there seemed to be any apprehension of a lecture or like infliction. These halls were built mostly for the benefit of Johnny Reb* and myself, particularly of the latter, who had gradually played himself out to the finest dead-head point. By not charging anything for admission, not having anything to pay for rent, lights, or fuel, and by allowing ourselves (out of a fund for that purpose) fifty cents a head for every fellow who could be induced or bullied into coming in, Johnny and I, and others managed to make lecturing pay fairly well. [I remember to have cleared four dollars and a half on one occasion in the village of Izzardville, but that great success was due in part to the fact that the lecture was for a charitable or religious purpose.]

---

† Real name Farrar—Fernando R. Farrar—county judge of the period; full of fun as Jim Cowardin, if not fuller; played well on fiddle; Amelia man; good, sharp, smart fellow, in short.

TENTH INSTALLMENT.

Cremation of Piano Advertisers—Wisdom of Roman Catholics—The Addie Deane House—University of Virginia—Judge William Robertson, Dr. Maupin, etc.—Editorial Academy—Asylum for Worthless Young Men—Parke Park—Richmond Boulevard—Matthews & Matthews—Life's Appomattox—Semi-Phalansterian Squares, etc.

[A scrap of paper which was overlooked when the last installment was printed contained the following regulation in regard to the management of Burwell Music Hall. It is out of place here, but ought not to be omitted.—*Ed. Whig.*]

When concert troupes insisted upon having their own pianos, and displaying the name of the piano-maker in large letters, as **Chickering, Steinway, Knabe,** etc., no opposition whatever was made or even meditated, but as soon as the performer had hitched up his stool, adjusted his coat-tail, twiddled his preparatory twiddle, and banged his preliminary bang, a tall man in a black visor walked quietly out from behind the scenes with a sledge-hammer, brained the performer, smashed the piano, threw the pieces out of the window, and burnt player and pieces up together; and the performance went on without further interruption.

[What these people will do when they get to a world where there is no chance, and will not be through all eternity, of advertising themselves and their wares, I do not know. It distresses me, but I don't know, and am afraid I never will know.]

It should be borne in mind that the appearance of Richmond in the vicinity of the Capitol Square was pretty much this: a dilapidated Capitol, bound together with grapevines and hoop-iron, and propped by long, North Carolina whitewashed pine-trees. But on the three squares extending from Ninth to Twelfth, that is to say from Bob Scammell's oyster saloon to Judge Crump's, on what was once called Governor Street, was first, on the Valentine Square, the Virginia Historical Society building, a noble

structure; next, on the City Hall Square, Burwell Music Hall, a superb edifice (far finer, architecturally, than any academy of music in the country), with its flexible screen lecture-room beneath; and third, on Ford's Hotel Square, the massive and imposing, though not beautiful, circular walls of Brice Church.

The environment of these noble buildings was not in keeping—more money, of course—more money everywhere and all the time. And yet I was not so loath to spend as you might suppose. Old Dodson,* when I was sick in 1872 at the Monumental Hotel, had been kind to me (indeed, the poor man had no better sense than to be kind to everybody), and accordingly I determined to do something for Dodson, and for somebody I liked even better than Dodson; I mean myself. Fact is, I tried to please myself generally, almost alwaysly; it gave me much pleasure to please myself.

Not to digress a bit.

The Catholics are a wise people. Their priests I like prodigiously, their tenets I don't. But for all that, they are wise enough, I tell you; *i.e.*, when they have got a good thing they know it just about as well as you or any other man knows it. What is more, they find out the good thing, get hold of it and keep it, long before you, with your weak, Protestant mind, have any idea of it.

Monumental Hotel Square was *the* place for a hotel—better, much better, I thought, than the site of the Shields House, admirable as that undoubtedly was. But the Catholics wouldn't sell their church, their bishop's house, or the Virginia House—which was mean of them, in my humble opinion. So I did the best I could. On all the space I could purchase, from Grace to Broad, including Blair's† drug store on the latter street, I built the most

---

* Hotel-keeper of the period; good-hearted soul; fed better for the money than any of his contemporaries, and had twins at an advanced time of life.

† Presbyterian pill-maker of the period; first name Hugh—honest, good man. Sensible folk loved to gather in his back shop—Major Smith, Dr. Rawlings, Colonel Bell, etc., and a practical plumber (did you ever see or hear of an unpractical plumber?) named O'Donnell. Had a spectacled clerk of the name of Nat. Sheppard, and a handsome brother named Jim Blair.

magnificent granite hotel, ten stories high, that is in this world. I challenge all comparison. A minute description of the house will be found in the twenty-fifth thousand of Græme's* Handbook of Richmond. Outside and inside it is as near perfection as one could expect. Some of its peculiar features will be given in my forthcoming work on the American Hotel. Dodson has been keeping it for the last ten years, and keeping it well, although people said Dodson couldn't keep a house as big as that. It is a superb ornament to the city, and makes St. Paul's Church look rather small-potatoish. I doubt if there is on the globe a pleasanter home for the traveler than Deane† House.

"Doctor"——

In my time the Southern people had a ridiculous habit of putting a handle to everybody's name—clerks were colonels or majors, and corn-cutters professors. This habit, silly as it was, was due, I think, to the innate hatred of the Southern people for the word "Mister," which is abominable, in spite of Mrs. Browning's effort to make it otherwise. Of course a man of my wealth could not remain a plain Mister, and inasmuch as an academy in East Tennessee had conferred upon me the title of LL.D. (in return for which I endowed the institution with a postal order for ten dollars), I was generally called Doctor, and got to feel badly if everybody didn't call me Doctor.

"Doctor," said Judge Robertson,‡ "your money is going fast. Have you forgotten the University of Virginia?"

"Why, Judge, what am I to do? The whole world wants me to do something for everything. Here is John Tinsley contending that I ought to do something to commemorate Mann Page, Mont. Miller, Lyttleton Tazewell, and all the bright fellows that boarded at Mrs. Mosby's,

---

* A tall, Scottish sort of gray-haired *Whig*-Office person of the period. Best statistician in the city at the time.

† Named for Miss Addie Deane, the splendid daughter of that most excellent man, Dr. Francis D. Deane. The hotel belonged to her.

‡ Judge William of that name. Had the finest and youngest black eye of his day. In general I don't like black, but I literally feed on a true blue eye in man or woman. Judge R. married the belle of Virginia (she deserved to be) when Virginia was Virginia.

corner of Ninth and Franklin, before the war; my Academy for Editors, my Asylum for Worthless Young Men, my Cathedral, my Richmond Park, my semi-Phalansterian Square, etc., haven't even been begun—just put yourself in my place, Judge."

"Well, well," said the judge, "I give up; I let you off."

"Strikes me, Judge, that the Miller fund ought to have gone to the University."

"Too late, now; too late. That's long past; we look to the present and the future—have to look to them."

"Yes; but did it never occur to you that if the people of the South and of Virginia really did want to build up the University they would be sure to find a way; would go earnestly to work about it, as Washington and Lee has done, and that if they do not ardently desire to build it up, it ought not to be built up?"

"Right enough; but have you forgotten Dr. Maupin?"

"No," said I warmly, "and never will or can. Neither have I forgotten Stephen Southall (how I enjoyed his editorials in the *Whig* in Ridgway's time!), nor Prof. Gildersleeve (of the Bema), nor Prof. Minor, nor any of them."

The allusion to Dr. Maupin overcame me. I handed the judge a check for half a million, and away he went.

My Academy for Editors was established at Stanardsville, in the county of Greene. Its main object was to teach editors to kneel down and pray for some sense, some diminution of self-sufficiency, some ability to see both sides of a subject; in a word, some wisdom from on high, before they wrote their editorials. Particulars will be found in the paper marked Z. [No such paper is discerned in the bundle of MSS.—*Ed. Whig.*]

My Asylum for Wuthless Yung Menn was built on a beautiful plot of ground of five acres, about half-way between Richmond and Ashland. Its object was to rescue society from the Wuthless Yung Mann, and no one was sent there who was not an incurably Wuthless* Yung

---

* [Observe the value, in integers of contempt, of this spelling. Put "o" into "worth" and it becomes "u" inevitably, but the terminal consonants "rt" in "worth" give the word something of the venomous strength of

Mann—a person much more deserving of protection and tender isolation from the vain world than the worthless old man. (Particulars will be found in the paper marked ZZ.) [Greatly to our regret, this paper is also missing. —*Ed. Whig.*]

A suggestion thrown out in the *Dispatch* some time in 1873 materially modified my views about a park for Richmond. My first idea was to buy ten thousand acres of land on both sides of the river, above the city, and to have a park surpassing Laura Park in Lynchburg. This was done in part only, as will be told.

As a rule, parks are built on this or that side of a city, accessible enough to some, but out of the reach of the bulk of the population, except at a cost either of time or money, or both, which few, if any, of the poorer classes can afford. Why not have a park accessible to everybody? This was that great work which my agents, Williams & Apperson (Grubbs having retired on a huge fortune), accomplished for me within six months,—the most signal real-estate triumph ever achieved.

They bought for me a strip of ground varying from an eighth to a quarter, and in some places half a mile in width, and extending entirely around the city, including Manchester, which had been consolidated with Richmond. At the upper end of the city, above the reservoir, it swelled out into a park proper, presenting in bird's-eye view the appearance of an irregular ring with a large set on the southwestern side. A good broad street ran through the centre of the ring, and at suitable intervals, not too close together, a few public and private houses, with gardens attached, were allowed to be built. From the Capitol to the Boulevard, as it was called, the distance varied from a mile to a mile and a half, or two miles—the city extending a goodly distance beyond the Boulevard. This arrangement secured to the children of all classes easy access at any time to fresh air, grass, flowers, trees, fountains, birds, squirrels, deer (these last protected from

---

the serpent; whereas the "th" in "wuth" impart a lisping littleness to it. There is more sense in bad spelling and pronouncing than gerund-guiders dream of.—*Ed. Whig.*]

dogs by reason of the growing common sense of the people, who ordered all dogs not properly trained, to be shot by policemen), and a thousand other pleasures (aquaria here and there and the like) and health-insurements for the little people, ay, and for the big ones, too.

The loss of so much good building-ground was a terrific blow to land-owners. When they saw the city progressing square after square beyond the Boulevard, and remembered the comparatively trifling price they had received for their property, they cursed Apperson, and Williams, and myself till we would have been black in the face if we had only heard them. Suit after suit was instituted to set aside, recover, what not. No use. My agents were not slouches by a long ways. They knew their business. The infernal gods alone know the amount of litigation that ensued, and has been kept up to this day. My attorneys, Matthews & Matthews,* who have been worked nearly to death, tell me they see no end to the trouble. As it doesn't trouble me, and gives them some fifty thousand dollars each a year, I don't care how long the suits continue.

The park proper is called Parke† Park. It contains only three thousand acres, but is as highly and beautifully ornamented as it is possible for landscape gardening to go. With the islet-studded river, crossed by numbers of elegant bridges, running through its midst, its scenic surprises at almost every turn, its statues,‡ its bowers,

---

* The elder Matthews, a worthy good man, married the only daughter of an honest, pious old New School Presbyterian in Lynchburg. What *was* the old gentleman's name? Surely my memory is not failing me? Anyhow, that old gentleman was as kind to me as if he had been my own father—educated me to be a missionary, which I am. For his daughter, an estimable woman with a nose, I had much respect.

† So called in honor of Miss Parke Chamberlayne, a friend of mine. She married, greatly to my regret, a little black Bagby of the period, after which I ceased to take much interest in her. But, as you will find out when you wed, women never marry the man they ought to have married. I retained the name, though, because she was the daughter of that true gentleman and first-rate physician, Dr. Lewis W. Chamberlayne.

‡ Prominent among them were two bronze groups representing Pocahontas, not on the club occasion, but on some other, and Captain John Smith quelling insurrection; designs by W. P. Palmer, modeled by

kiosks, conservatories, etc., etc., many think it equal to Chatsworth, and very much superior to Laura Park, in Lynchburg. I cannot think so. The little mountains embraced in the latter park, and the admirable advantage taken of them by Jones, who made every inch tell in art effects, and, above all, the magnificent views obtainable from the mountain roadways and towers, make it, in my candid estimation, superior to any park in this country or in Europe. Both are good enough and beautiful enough, in all conscience. Their relative merits afford a subject of continued amicable quarrels between the Lynchburg and Richmond papers.

Life, as it is known to most of us, is like the upper part of the Appomattox River,—a narrow stream, muddy more than half the time, full of snags, hammocks, and sand-bars, with only here and there a good fishing-hole. When the boys come back from the academic and collegiate ridges, provided, as they and their fond, foolish parents (who, being in business, ought to have more sense) fancy, with the best tackle in the world, they find Tom, Dick, and Harry, who have been raised to the work on the spot, and never quitted it, already squatted down by the holes, with the plainest poles, and the meanest-looking cymlins, and the morest fish, and with no more idea of quitting "them holes" in favor of the college boys till death do them dislodge, than they have of going to heaven to cook the fish or spend the money they acquire in this earthly vale. [By the way, I wish I had told Judge Robertson that one good primary school, based upon a proper knowledge of human nature and the human mind, and in which the knowledge that is of most immediate use to most people (there was not such a school, nay, not the approach to it, in Virginia in my time) should alone be taught, would, in my judgment, outweigh all the universities on earth. How many parents know and feel restive under this, and yet sit quiet! Poor parents! But, after all, the practical

---

Valentine, and executed in Germany,—a tardy recognition, so far as Smith is concerned, on the part of Virginia of the greatest of all Virginians, Washington, Lee, and Jackson, not excepted.

school of the shop, the factory, the store, the printing-office, etc., is and must long remain the best school. How to make money honorably and to save it, in other words, how to support yourself and family, that is the best, the indispensable education (for how can you and family so much as live if you do not acquire a knowledge of self-maintenance?), to which even reading and writing are secondary.]

A consequence of this false system of education is that as civilization advances there is a continuous increase of educated men and women with refined tastes who do not know how to get along, or, if they do, find all the fishing-holes in life's Appomattox full,—Rob and Tom having learned how to make money while Edward and Fitzhugh were grubbing up Greek roots. This being the case, the educated men and women sink into clerkships and secondary places, with salaries of from five hundred to two thousand dollars—there being a limit and a decennially lessening limit to the relative numbers of doctors, lawyers, and preachers. No provision is made for these clerks and minus quantities in the sum of social life. They ought to be content to live as cheaply as mechanics who earn double their salary, but they are not. They cannot be; the education which ought never to have been given to nine-tenths of them has unfitted them for cheap living. Little builders, grog-shop and corner-grocery sharks, whose greed for money is ravenous and cruel as the grave, build for the multitude who are content to live anyhow, and the big builders build for the rich merchants, eminent doctors, great lawyers, and fashionable preachers. The educated, cultivated incapable no human being considers.

I, being better than a human being, and having no desire to "git my rent," did consider him, and built in the upper part of the city a dozen or two squares of houses for him and his kind. They were built with every conceivable labor-saving convenience, required little fuel to heat them, were inexpensively lighted, and needed scarcely any furniture,—wardrobes, bureaus, presses, etc., being in the very structure of the houses themselves. (I was sick unto death of seeing my wife's thirty-feet dray run-

ning like mad from end to end of the city.) The rent for each house covered the taxes (they were high—taxes are always high) and repaired the annual wear and tear—that was all. Mr. R. D. Ward* attended faithfully to this business for me. The houses were not crammed down upon the ground as close as they could set, but were separated by a space of twelve to fifteen feet, and in the middle of each side of each square was a house built expressly for the accommodation of young men and bachelors,—my object being to give them better quarters than they got in the down-town dens, and to have them so close to the neighboring families as to offer them every incentive to visit the ladies, brighten up the evening (so often so dull for the want of young company), fall in love with the girls, marry early, help the minus-quantity fathers, and so help society onward. I also encouraged many polished gentlemen to remain bachelors, but at the same time to be true to their social duties, and to make themselves (what *they* can do, and the worn-down husbands, too often cannot) the very life and charm of the households that are happy enough to call them friends.

I doubt if I ever did a better or a wiser thing than the building of these same squares. They were not all lumped together in a single district of the city, but were interspersed among other squares, and gave to the town a tone which otherwise it could never have had. The houses were eagerly rented by clerks, accountants, editors, and insurance agents, and the rooms in the bachelors' homes were just as eagerly sought by unmarried men. To be sure there were certain young men who preferred to remain down-town, as near as possible to their beloved bar-rooms and bagnios, but this could not be helped. No one, not even their own mothers, could wish such beasts turned loose in a decent man's family. A snug

* Noble, red-haired tipstaff of the time, who, for ninety years or more, carried a vestal fire upon his worthy head. Richmond gas being bad, this invaluable man did yeoman service by lighting people home from balls, parties, and the like. To avert a glare he wore a ground-glass hat that came well down over his brows and around the back of his neck, and if the eyes of his customers still pained them he reversed the ordinary process, and diminished the illumination by trimming the wick—that is, by cutting his hair.

wing-room in each of the bachelor's homes was set apart for the matron, a sort of *concierge* who kept the house in order and attended to the sewing of the young men, or matronized the young ladies of the vicinity whenever the former gave a party, dancing or other, to the latter. From time to time some one or other of these old widows or maids destroyed the peace of mind of some of their old bachelor tenants, an infliction which, however deserved, would soon have driven the bachelors away but for the timely interference of the married ladies of the neighborhood. After all, things regulated themselves pretty well, without the aid of police. A great point was gained in giving numerous old ladies the occupation they most delight in—keeping house, their own house, as it were, and in ministering exclusively to male tenants; and another great point was the putting of bachelors old and young in close proximity to the ladies. You may love all the ladies in the world with the maddest devotion, but if they live so far away from you that you can never lay eyes on them or have their pretty palms in yours, the chances are that you will marry very few of them at one time. Proximity is the great thing; it is next to certainty in matters of the matrimonial kind. I forgot to say that little by little the bachelors learned that nothing sweetened and enlivened their parties half so much as a fine sprinkling of married ladies. Occasionally the bachelors took breakfast and tea at home, but they were so often invited out to these meals that the matrons seldom had the opportunity of turning an additional honest penny by feeding them,—which made them indignant quite frequently. Women past the marrying point, and without daughters or female pets of their own, soon take a proprietary interest in their masculine tenants, and object to their marrying anybody. It is hard, but I have found that there is no way of making everybody happy all the time,—not even old bachelors, old widows, or old maids.*

* No mention is made of widowers in connection with the bachelors' homes, because they flit into marriage so quickly that you can't count them. They are evanescenses, ghosts of a transitory and incomputable condition.

Auxiliary to the family squares were the semi-phalansterian squares, based upon Chas. Fourier's excellent but excessively-carried-out idea, and designed to rescue decent people from the fangs of ruthless cooks, maids, and other domestic servants, black or white, who had long ruled the roast in a savagely tyrannical manner. They were built precisely like the family square, the houses twelve to thirteen feet apart, with a bachelor's home in the middle of each side of the square, only the lots were not so deep, leaving a large quadrangle in the centre of the square, on which was erected a large building containing all the appliances for cooking, washing, ironing, etc., for all the families residing in that square; also servants' rooms in abundance. Except in case of sickness, or when there were very young children, servants were wholly dispensed with; kitchens and laundries were unknown; marketing was unknown, groceries even were supplied by the man in charge of the central hall, who, getting things by wholesale, and having but one fire to keep up, fed his customers more cheaply than they could have fed themselves, hired servants and furnished them just when they were needed and no longer, and in fine carried out the idea of the Fourierite phalanstery in such a way that the families who patronized him were enabled to live hotel-fashion in their private houses—an admirable good thing, I promise you. I built twelve dozen of these squares in various parts of Richmond, and now the Semi-Phalanstery is the rule rather than the exception in all the great cities of Christendom, and in many small ones also.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Black Crook Club Monument—Dr. Leigh Burton—Nat. Sturdivant Terrace—Hermann Garden—Louis Euker—Cornelia Cathedral—Worship Purely Musical—Leo Wheat—Major Burr Noland—Diseased Germans—Midnight New Year Services—Our Saviour—Mary Davidson—General Mahone—Elder, Fisher, and Sheppard—G. Watson James, etc.

In order to quiet the public mind and to relieve the city from a task too onerous for its weak exchequer, I swept away all the houses from Gamble's Hill and converted it into one of the prettiest little terraced parks imaginable. Near the centre of the grounds, a little to the west of the former site of Pratt's Castle, and on the highest point of the hill, arose an immense monument to the Black Crook Club: Jonah White, in the costume of a Roman Senator, on top, and beneath and around him all the members of the club, life-size and accurate likenesses every one, grouped together, hand in hand, with their mouths wide open and singing at the full pitch of their voices,—

"We will do thee no harm,
We will do thee no harm;
Says the rag man
To the bag man,
We will do thee no harm."

At a little distance from the main group (the figures were carefully cast of hematite iron at Tanner's foundry) stood my friend Dr. W. Leigh Burton,* attired as Orpheus, with a fiddle in one hand and a forceps in the other, leading the chorus. The little park, known as Nat. Sturdivant Terrace, was a great place of resort for strangers and for nurses with babies in baby-carriages. Strangers always burst into roars of laughter, and complained that looking at the monument made them thirsty.

---

* Skillful dentist of the day and date. Could pull any named tooth in a circular saw while in full buzz. Handy man on elephants and sharks.

This reminds me of a fact which I had entirely overlooked, viz., the completion of the Hermann Garden by Louis Euker* and myself simultaneously with the completion of the Shields House. The square between Seventh and Eighth on Broad was equally divided between the hotel and the garden. The latter was beautifully laid out, the fine holly-tree on Dr. Trent's lot being religiously preserved, other trees, shrubs, vines, etc., being added, together with two fountains as graceful in design as any I ever saw; indeed, the whole place was made as attractive as possible. My object in establishing the garden was to prepare the way for that excellent European custom of associating the sexes in all enjoyments whatsoever, even in conviviality. Why male human animals cannot get along without drinking I simply do not know, but the majority of them either cannot or will not; at all events they do not, and the only method yet discovered of toning them down, of stopping them from swilling, boozing, and guzzling to excess is to associate the female animal with them, so that even in their cups her benign influence is exerted over them. "But this lowers the female animal." I don't know about that. In Holland, Germany, France, and Italy the plan seems to have worked well, made races eminently temperate and healthy as compared with the English and American, and substituted mild for strong drinks—the entering wedge to no drinks at all, if that time is ever to come. I am told that the plan succeeded so well at Hermann Garden that in the course of a few years cold tea in summer and hot coffee in the winter became the favorite drinks. "But surely the ladies did not go there in winter?" Yes, they did. By a simple arrangement of iron columns, ribs, etc., which could be quickly put up and taken down, Louis converted his garden about the first of December into a crystal palace, more attractive in some respects than it had been during the summer.

---

* Gentlemanly beer man of the period. Can't say that he was a better fellow than Otto Morgenstern or old man Manly, but the land was convenient to his establishment, and that was why I helped him and not the others.

No sooner had I announced my intention of building my Cathedral on the southeast corner of Fifth and Main Streets, than there was a general outcry,—

"Why, man, you might as well build the house down at Rocketts; if you want a really appropriate site for it, Union Hill is the place; that's where the city ought to have been built originally, anyway, and would have been built but for the folly of some old curmudgeon or other, whose name has gone into merited oblivion. Don't you see that the city has extended already a mile beyond Monroe Park? There's no telling where it will go in that direction. Come, reconsider the matter."

"Too late, my friends; the purchase money has been paid, the deed signed and delivered. Besides, I know what I'm about."

There is no more perfect specimen of Gothic architecture on earth than Cornelia* Cathedral. Interior and exterior alike are as near perfection as it is in the power of human hands to make a house for the worship of God. It is large enough, but not too large; it is dim enough, without being too dim; the elevation of nave and transept lifts the soul, but does not crush it into insignificance, as in St. Peter's, and there is about the inner atmosphere a hush and a charm peculiar to this house. At least I fancy so. There is no pulpit, nor will there ever be one. No voice of preacher or of public prayer will ever be heard there. The service is wholly musical—an organ of great power and sweetness, and a choir trained thoroughly to render devotional music in a manner truly and unaffectedly devotional. As a rule, the organ is the only instrument used, but at fit times and seasons every instrument that can increase and intensify religious emotion is introduced. The choir of men, women and boys, is paid by the year, and sufficiently well paid to devote their whole time to the service of the Cathedral. There are three services daily, an hour each in length, at morning, noon, and evening,—the matins, nones, and vespers of the

* Frances Cornelia Chaplin—the first, sweetest, dearest friend I had on earth.

Catholics* a little altered. In the summer the matin service occurs while it is yet cool, but in winter not until ten o'clock, after people have had their breakfasts. Worship on an empty stomach does not suit civilization and dyspepsia. Nones in winter are at three P.M., as the bulk of the better classes (six o'clock dinners are still the exception in Richmond) are on their way to dine, and vespers at eight or half-past eight, after tea has been comfortably taken.

The backs of the pews are very high—no temptation to peep at bonnets and pretty faces being possible—and most of them are provided with keys, so that the worshiper may lock himself in. All the pews for one person, of which there are a great number, are under lock and key. The organ-loft at the rear of the church, where the pulpit usually is, may be looked into, but a screen of bronze open-work hides organist† and choir from the public gaze. Absolute silence is demanded of every one who enters, and is rigidly enforced. Locked in his pew, the worshiper listens and adores. His soul goes to heaven on the wings of music. Doctrine, dogma, creed of any kind, vain babbling of always fallible interpretations of the Uninterpretable, of Him whose ways are past finding out, there is none to disturb him. "My son, give me thine heart." And his heart cries out, and up, and on to his Father, "I know not what to believe—I do not believe—I love. Slay me if Thou wilt for my want of faith, but this love, this joy beyond all words, all thoughts, shall lift me into life again. I adore so much I cannot fear!" And if with streaming eyes and bent knees he wishes to give way to his emotion, and to stretch appealing hands to Him that heareth prayer,—he is alone in his locked pew, let him do what he will.

---

* The Roman Catholics are very wise. I do not wonder that in Europe they reconquered so much that Protestantism once owned, and that, under the guise of Ritualism, they are gaining ground so rapidly in England and America. Their rites and services are based not merely upon human but upon universal nature. Birds have not only their matins and vespers, but their mid-day service as well. At noon, or a little thereafter, the deep stillness of the forest is broken by a choral service, brief but intensely sweet and mournful.

† Mr. Leo P. Wheat, a man of genius and a master of his instrument.

Tell me nothing about the debilitations of music. I know its power and I know its perversions. But, my good friend, subtract from religious exercises the element of music, and what have you left? Only the intellect, argument, reason for the faith, etc. Ah! that is what those wretched scientists demand, and little else but that.

One stern exaction was enforced upon the organist and every member of the choir, viz., that under no circumstances whatever should there be the least approach to trapeze-work, ground and lofty tumbling upon the keyboards, wild hullaballooing and cattle-stampeding along the octaves, alternations of peacock-screamings and sick-kitten sorrowings, pounding the chords in the mortar of self-conceit and fancying it inspiration—in a word, no showing off, no exhibition of purely personal skill in instrumentation or vocalization. Immediate and hopeless loss of situation followed every violation of this rule. To present the compositions really worthy to be called sacred of the best German* masters, and of the earlier and in some respects still better Italian school (Palestrina and Allegri, for example), when profound faith and profound feeling went hand in hand, and to present them in the spirit as nearly as possible in which they were first delivered by the inspired composers, that was the duty of the choir, and that was their whole duty. Nor were the hymns and psalms to which the mass of hearers had been accustomed from childhood by any means neglected. A standing reward of five thousand dollars for a first-rate devotional composition failed, after ten years' trial, to produce anything worthy of the name, the committee withholding the reward all that time, after which it was withdrawn. I suppose the scientific spirit had killed the sacred spirit [Some contradiction here of views before given. But between diction and contradiction somewhere lies the truth most likely], or else that mankind in general, out-evolving the musicians, got so far ahead that the

---

* I like these Germans. They are a fearfully diseased people, but still I like them. Their disease is an incurable honesty. Now, there is Mr. Lisfeldt. I regard Mr. Lisfeldt as the best man in the world, except Maj. Burr P. Noland.

latter could never catch up, so that even the "music of the future" failed to satisfy the cravings of the people of the present, who thereupon fell back perforce upon the good old music of the past.

At first there was a large attendance of the curious; afterwards the excellence of the music drew crowds of women and children, and music-lovers of the male sex; but by degrees the men of business who contemned Cornelia Cathedral and the mode of its worship, dropped in on their way to or from their offices and shops to rest awhile, and "just to look, you know." It was so cool within the thick stone walls in summer and so comfortable in winter. Then the high vaulted roof—yes, the whole interior was so beautiful, and the solemn stillness so refreshing after the bustle and worry of work, after the dirty, soul-dirtying work of making money. And ere long these men of business contrived to get to the Cathedral in time to hear a little music. Bashful enough in the beginning, ashamed indeed to be caught, they slipped in slyly; but a year had not passed before they went in boldly, in couples often, and in groups. They found it to be a good thing to go down-town with some motet, fugue, or anthem warming their hearts, or to return home after a voiceless prayer in the Cathedral.

My point was gained. My object in building so low down in the city and so close to its business haunts was fully explained, and, in the eyes of all but the bigots, justified.

The Cathedral was never closed day or night the whole year round. It was not a refuge, though, for vagrants and tramps, or for fashionable loungers of either sex. The tramps were kindly turned away to some place where needed assistance could be had; the fops and their giggling females were simply not admitted at all. The organist and his best pupils were permitted to play whenever the spirit moved them—a privilege seldom abused, but much coveted by the more gifted and spiritual scholars, who desired to breathe out their deepest and most devout thoughts; and so it often happened that business and professional men and strangers, dropping in at odd hours, heard the best music. Far into the night, sometimes, the

belated worker or the reveler, passing the Cathedral and feeling the pavement trembling under his feet, would go in and have his heart lifted unto God by the mighty organ, touched by the hand of one who could not find sleep until his inspired thought had found expression. The vergers and watchmen told me that the men who came in most frequently late at night and who appeared to be most moved to penitence, were journalists and artists recovering from some bout at drinking. The overwhelming effect of the music upon their sin-stricken souls, when they thought no one observed them, was said to be affecting in the extreme. That a thorough reformation from their unfortunate habits was ever accomplished may be doubted, because the outward intoxication by which they occasionally disgrace themselves is but the reflex of that inward intoxication, more or less habitual with men of their temperament, which has in it something almost divine. I have been told, moreover, that drinking men never get really penitent until they get sick of liquor, that what appears to be remorse is only nausea, and that penitence darts away as soon as the tone of the stomach and nerves is restored. I don't think this is altogether true; on the contrary, I think somewhat of the penitence lingers and abides, is remembered in the soberest intervals, provokes a shudder of horror at past sin, and many a heartfelt prayer against a relapse. For all that, I can readily believe that a man with an absolutely gin-proof stomach might keep on a continuous spree during the whole of his lifetime.

The midnight services on the days set apart for the celebration of the birth of our Saviour * and the incoming of

* Our Saviour? Yes, a thousand times yes. The most besotted skeptic and scientist who counts his unbelief as righteousness (which it might be, but not too often is) must admit that millions have been saved in this life by faith in the Nazarene—and if in this life, in the next as well, we may be sure. Nevertheless, let me say boldly that I have a good deal of hope for honest unbelievers. Hell, I take it, is a sparsely-settled country—much like that between Richmond and Tappahannock, or between Barksdale depot and Milton, N. C., in 1874. Here and there will be found a worldly-minded preacher sitting apart on a tussock of broom-straw, feeling a little chilly and lonesome, thinking himself an ill-used person, and wondering where the devil Darwin is. But the bulk of the inhabitants is made up of ingrained hypocrites, sellers of mean liquor, and the beaters of wives and other dumb beasts.

the New Year were as sublime as the art at my command enabled me to make them. If I should say that the crush on these occasions equaled that at St. Peter's when the Miserere is sung during Holy Week, I would be accused of exaggeration; therefore I will simply say that it was very great, and that many persons came from distant States, and some from over the sea, to enjoy the music. I do wish that I knew thorough bass from counterpoint, etc., sufficiently well to enable me to describe the soul-moving harmonies of the great composers as rendered by the Cornelia Cathedral choir. [I had laid away a newspaper scrap, in which the description is finely and technically done by a critic of the highest order, a Jewish gentleman of Hamburg as I was told; but like many other things it is laid away so carefully that it might as well have been laid in the grave. If any one finds it after I am gone he will do me a great favor by inserting it just here. If not found the reader must trust to his imagination, or better still go to the Cathedral and hear for himself.]

In '98 or thereabouts, my granddaughter, Mary Davidson, was born, in the county of Rockbridge, and in her eighteenth year appeared as the leading soprano singer in our choir. She was as beautiful a woman as ever lived, fair, blue-eyed and golden-haired, as pure as light itself, and sweet as charity. A Sabbath peace and sanctity ("the Sabbaths of eternity, one Sabbath deep and wide") seemed to have passed into her being at birth, and her whole life was in accord with that holiness. No nun was ever more devoutly or wholly religious. Her piety and her existence were one. God was with her, in her, and about her ever; she was in this world and above it in some supernatural way, of which every one who saw her became instantly conscious. Her voice was literally the voice of a seraph—clear and sweet, but infinitely more than that—so thrilling and penetrating that all who heard it were at once awed as by a sound coming immediately from the heavens. She sang sacred music as it ought to be sung. She gave all its meaning, all its power, all its pathos, without that constant tremor (*tremolo*) which from Tamberlik's day to the present has been so overdone as to dis-

figure and impair the effect of church-music everywhere. Some of her sustained notes, pure and unbroken as a sunray, went to the heart and soul with a force that transcends language. One felt as if touched by the wing of the angel of death—as if the other world was to be opened on the instant, and the whole nature and being shuddered and gasped to take in the larger life that was coming. But why attempt to tell about it? They who listened remember and know all about it; those who did not can never know.

By unanimous request the choir screen was taken down, so that all might see this beautiful woman while she was singing the holiest music. She did not object. A true woman, she loved to be loved and admired, but no man dared ever to address her. Her life was far beyond and above that. For two years she sang twice a day and sometimes oftener at the Cathedral; the intervals between the choir services were spent in good works. She it was who so aided me in the "sky-surprises" heretofore alluded to. She died without sickness and without pain, and the mightiest concourse that ever went to Hollywood accompanied her to her grave. Such passionate grief I never saw exhibited by a whole people as was exhibited then. Her tomb, by far the most beautiful in Hollywood, attests the love the people bore her. For myself, I was glad that she died. My own end was near, my work was drawing to a close, and I did not wish to be long parted from her.

Not the least of Mahone's* many titles to distinction was the fact that in my time he was almost the only man in Virginia, so far as my large acquaintance went, who really cared to patronize (no, not patronize, but to encourage) Virginia artists. Virginia was then passing through that phase of folly, long before sneered out of Great Britain and the North, which is marked by the purchase of copies of so-called "old masters," wretched in conception and

* His first name was William. I am informed that he took some part in some war or other at some time or other, but what war, and at what time, I have been unable to ascertain. It is said that long years ago there were railroad wars, but what railroad wars are, no newspaper-reporter, lawyer, or member of the legislature, can now tell, although I have offered money for the information.

execution, and the utter neglect of works of merit done at home by native artists. I employed Elder, Fisher, and Sheppard, at twenty thousand dollars per annum each (and would have employed Myers at the same, had he not gone to a better land), to work exclusively for me. The scenes, the life, public and private, of the blacks and whites of Virginia as it was in the days of slavery, at least all that was left of that rapidly-disappearing life, I had put upon canvas. Woodward painted for me a dozen or so of charming landscapes, but was so sought after by Northern publishers that I could seldom get him to work for me. In addition to the *genre* pictures, executed for me by the artists named above, there were a number of historical paintings by the same, which I presented to the Virginia Historical Society. Nearly every one of these pictures commanded the approval of Mr. G. Watson James,* but other critics, including myself, were not so lenient. I soon found that fixed work, done to order, however highly paid for, trammeled the free spirit of art, and palsied the genius of my friends. What comes unprompted into their own heads and hearts, what is given them from the mysterious original font of power,—that is what artists want, and at which they can work best. So when my friends got tired, and could paint no more, I let them off, pensioned them on ten thousand dollars a year, and allowed them to paint exactly what they pleased. They did better then. And meeting them one day in Jack's studio, I said to them,—

---

* Art-critic of the period, the only man connected with the Richmond press who could be induced to take any real interest in the works of our Virginia artists. This bold and, indeed, desperate young man, fell at the head of his command as Captain of Hussars in the ill-starred attack upon the imperial city. I opposed the assault at the time as a piece of the most consummate folly; but it was fitting that the rebellion should have ended just when and where it did.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT.

Tour with Artist-Friends—Suggestive Summering—Badly Apple-Brandied—Judge Crump—John R. Thompson's Tomb—Yankees—"The Last of Pea Time"—Squirted out of Town—Peter Mayo and Alexander Cameron—Valentine's Colossal Statue—Dr. W. Hand Browne—Adams's "Folly," Eleven Hundred Feet High—Gala Day all around the Globe—Excitement in Lynchburg—Jack Slaughter and Robin Terry—Trash Green—Death of Wife—Badly Kicked—Home near Pamlin's Depot.

"Boys, now that we are all pretty well off, suppose we teach these rich people that there are other ways of summering than by going to mountain-resorts, seasides, Saratogas, Europes and things."

"Good!" said they; "what shall we do?"

We took our wives and children (Fisher's family was immense, and Elder's little smaller), plenty of large, clean, well-made tents, cooks, ostlers, washerwomen, nurses, and other servants, with dead loads of cooking utensils, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, etc., and no end of all sorts of the best provisions and the finest wines, and leisurely made our way up through the Southside counties, encamping at night, or on rainy days, in the most charming nooks, dells, glades, and forest places we could find, and we found them in abundance, and more beautiful than we dreamed could be found. The children were wild with joy at this free life; the boys and girls who were nearly grown found a fascination in this nomadic existence that quite enraptured them, and the elders—upon my soul, I believe they enjoyed it even more than the young people!

We intended originally to "do" the mountains of Southwest Virginia, but concluded to go for a while into Patrick and Henry, a field little known to artists and tourists, and which we enjoyed very much. Then turning, we traveled by easy stages through Pittsylvania, Halifax, Mecklenburg, Lunenburg, Brunswick, Greensville, Southampton, etc., keeping as far from railroads

as possible, and saw the last, the very last, of Old Virginia life. The pictures of negroes, old and young; of dilapidated farms and farm-houses of every kind; the interiors of homesteads, humble and proud (once proud), which had not been touched by war, and but little by time, and the descriptions accompanying them, done by my own hand, are (I make bold to say it) by odds the best that ever were done by anybody, and, taken as a whole, make an invaluable compendium for the historian and antiquary.*

Reaching home about the last of October, delighted, without ague, although we had been badly apple-brandied at points, our account of our travels so ravished our friends that for many years afterwards tent-life in Southside Virginia became extremely fashionable, and, with various modifications, has been more or less adopted in all parts of the United States—especially by the wealthier classes, and by hardy young men who despise the foolery of springs and seasides. Judge W. W. Crump took the lead in this wholesome reform.†

Soon after my return, I walked out one day to Hollywood. There, to my excessive mortification, I found that a Northern admirer of John R. Thompson had erected a handsome tomb over the poet—a gentle soul, that loved above all things to do a kind deed for foes as well as friends. Although I had predicted that Virginians would no more build a monument to Thompson than Americans to Washington, and that the work in Hollywood, if done at all, would be done by a Yankee,‡ I was mortified none the less. I had plenty of money—there was

---

* It was published in folio under the title of "The Last of Pea Time." A few "large-paper" copies are now in the hands of Dr. Barney, and Randolph and English.

† Prominent, Roman-nosed lawyer of the period. Hospitable man—champagned thirteen Seventh New York Regiment men to death. Treated me to breakfast on the Great Eastern, and I never forgot him for it. His son, Edward, was also good to me in North Carolina, and I never forgot him either.

‡ If anybody has a more vitriolic feeling against bad Yankees than I have, I pity him. But if a Yankee is a good Yankee (there are such), I like him all the better for being a Yankee. It is like falling out with a fellow at school, stopping speaking to him, and then making up again. Few things are more pleasant.

no earthly excuse for *me;* but, Virginian like, I kept putting it off and off, and off. I am ashamed of myself.

Here I am reminded that I encouraged as much as possible the erecting by wealthy and public-spirited citizens of single figures and groups in bronze or marble, commemorative of incidents and characters in Virginia history, at various points along the boulevard that encircled Richmond, and in Parke Park allowed a few beautiful tombs to be built in suitable situations. Amid the beauties, natural and artificial, of the park, these tombs fitted in admirably, serving, by contrast, and a certain tenderness of suggestion, to impart an increased and hallowing charm to the scenery—much like the undertone of sadness that one sometimes finds in the liveliest music.*

In a moment of vanity I determined to reprint everything I had ever written—every editorial, magazine-article, letter, communication, all the correspondence of "Zed," "Hermes," "Malou," † etc., etc., all the squibs of every kind contributed to the Lynchburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Orange Court-House, Baltimore, New York, Louisville, Nashville, Knoxville, and Gordonsville papers, and to have every solitary thing down to the puns and conundrums illustrated. This was the life-work of my friend, that excellent man and accomplished draughtsman, W. L. Sheppard. Willie got along finely until he got to the loathsome and disgusting article on "Spit;" ‡ in attempting to illustrate that he was attacked with such incessant retching and persistent nausea that he fled to Italy for relief, and had to stay there and in the Alps for three years before he was cured. For a time he was (Dr. Brown-Séquard assured me) as badly off as Sumner—had

---

* In childhood, when the sensibilities are keen, there is a foretelling of the coming and inevitable sorrow and care of mature life in all music, particularly in that of the piano.

† Letters to Richmond *Dispatch*, Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*, and New Orleans *Crescent*—a great many of them—ought to be among my papers now.

‡ Maddened by this horrible article, the tobacconists of Richmond, led by my quondam friends, Mr. Peter Mayo and Mr. Alexander Cameron, filled a fire-engine with ambeer and actually squirted me out of town. I never dared to return.

to have the *moxa*, actual cautery, Vienna paste, hypodermics, etc., to spine—but did eventually get well without going to the United States Senate.

The remaining illustrations were done by Randolph Mason, a rising young artist, and my books, "Adams's Complete Works," in twenty-six volumes, octavo, were finally published, had no sale except in odd volumes, adorned the library of every friend to whom I presented them, and afforded me during my declining years most delicious reading. I can say with perfect truth that I never enjoyed any author half so much, and for many years never read any other.

In another moment of much more vanity I allowed my friends to induce Valentine to persuade me to sit for my statue. At first it was decided to have the statue of bronze, quadruple life-size, in a sitting posture, under Mr. Exall's lovely *duomo*, with Hart's sweet little Henry Clay standing up in my lap, with my hands about his waist and under his coat-tail, dandling him. But this, though neat and suggestive, it was thought would be a reflection upon the "Great American System," and to my regret was abandoned. Then it was unanimously concluded best to build me in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, forty feet high, straddling the City Springs,* in copperas-colored pants, and long-tail, bob-tail coat, striped white and red vest, oznaburg shirt with open collar, no cravat, and a straw hat, playing upon a pumpkin-vine horn with both hands, after the manner of the antique performer upon the fistula or flute. It was so established, and the remains of it remain to this day. The material used was an appropriate clay from the county of Powhatan, the same that the world-famous pipes† are made of. Naughty boys soon snow-balled the pumpkin-vine out of my hands, and by dint of large pebbles obtained from the adjacent gullies

* A pretty little lot, or might have been if the city had had any sense, between Seventh and Eighth Streets, back of the Mills property. In 1874 it was used for the storage of old bricks, which were tenderly sheltered there by the leafless trees from the fierce rays of the midwinter sun.

† The largest factory of tobacco pipes in the world is mine in Powhatan County. It is one thousand two hundred feet long and seven stories high, with a capacity of four hundred thousand pipes per diem. They are the best pipes in the world, and are superseding all others.

were not long in ridding me of my entire head; but the magnificent *torso* still stands, and is much sought after and admired by Hellenists from Heidelberg and Bonn. Dr. William Hand Browne has devoted an entire "Green Table" in the *Southern Magazine* to a discussion of its great and growing merits. In revenge for this ill treatment on the part of the boys, I directed Valentine to fill me an order for seven hundred busts of the finest and prettiest women of my acquantance, which he did; they now adorn my house in Appomattox.

To the end that I might die with the reputation of being the best loved man in Virginia, I had done a great many good and wise deeds—at least I thought so. But before I started to do anything at all, I tried to impress upon myself the fact which I had long known—that there is the other side to everything—that existence, life itself, is a balance of opposing qualities,* and that no wholly and lastingly good thing can ever be done. Flowers rot, beauty rots, religions rot, and the rottenness reappears in beauty again forever and forever. Life rests on incessant putrescence. Though these facts were ingrained in me, I was not satisfied. I wanted to be honored of Virginia men and to be hurrahed over. I would walk whole squares in Richmond without having a hat lifted to me or a small boy to follow me and to say, not without agitation, "that's him." This would never do.

Therefore and because I had all along been intent upon it, I builded my Folly, Adams's Folly. It stands in Scuffletown to this day, upon a hill carved around clean down to its base to receive it and be its pedestal, to be seen and to be seen a very great distance, of all men. It is an octagonal mass of rough-hewn siennite that rises some one thousand one hundred (counting from the river level, one thousand three hundred and fifty) feet in air. Upon its top there is a bell, compared to which the big bell at Moscow is but an infant's thimble. This bell rings of itself on stormy nights, and its mournful sound is heard

* So that if there be no hell there can be no heaven. The thing is as long as it is broad. Annihilation is your only hope, Messrs. Skeptic and Scientist.

in Philadelphia. [By the way, I had intended to stop the Folly at the height of one thousand feet, but a Philadelphia centennial creature having built a tower that high, I went one hundred feet higher, exclusive of the cliff on which the Folly stands.] Houses in Richmond shake under the vibrations of this bell, nobody sleeps in many counties around Lynchburg, and all the Tobacco Row mountain neighborhood goes to prayers at sundown and ceases not till day breaks and the bell stops ringing. It is a fearful thing, that bell lifted up upon that huge, rough tower, above the clouds oftentimes. There are steps inside, but everybody prefers to ride up in the steam elevator at a charge of twenty-five cents. Myriads of people come to see it. It is one of the wonders of the world. The annual revenue from sight-seers is a quarter of a million, which goes into the Lynchburg treasury for the support of the poor and the improvement of street grades. People have ceased to be bow-legged, sway-backed, and knock-kneed in that city. A splendid bridge for foot-passengers, carriages and railway trains runs from the foot of the Folly tower to the adjacent hill-top in Lynchburg, is much resorted to by industrious burghers with long fishing-lines (to fish in the river for mud-kittens two hundred and fifty feet below), and is of great service to through travel on the Washington City, Virginia Midland, and Great Southern Railroad. I do not remember what the thing cost. Mr. A. Y. Lee* was the architect. I had speculated in West Virginia coal lands, made one hundred millions in addition to my original fifty millions, and didn't care what it cost. It was finished quicker than the great pyramid. Five hundred thousand men did the work within ten years.

Goodness knows I was honored enough when the Folly was completed. I thought I would be. The inauguration day was a gala day all around the globe. Men thought the tower of Babel theory was overthrown, as if that were any comfort. I happened to be in New York

* An able man in his calling, but his resemblance to myself produced in him a mental inquietude that ended in incurable dyspepsia; which I hope will be a wholesome warning to others not to look like me if they can possibly avoid it.

arranging with my publishers when I was telegraphed for in hot haste. Many brass bands, Gesangveriens, photographers, several yoke of strong-minded women, historical societies, a herd of reporters, and three Schutzenfests accompanied me. It was a triumphal march the whole way. I was transported through Washington in a palanquin, toted by four members of the cabinet, the Emperor in front and on foot, clearing the way with a black wagon-whip with brass nails in the handle. The train, drawn by six to ten locomotives, stretched from Alexandria to Fairfax Station nearly. All Orange Court-House, Gordonsville, and Charlotteville fell down in the red dust before me as the train went by. Not a living soul was left in the Ragged Mountains. The keeper of the Miller Orphan Asylum* set fire to the institution, and went along with the rest on foot before day. I disembarked on the Amherst side, descended the gulch into which the old toll bridge leads, and in a linen duster commenced the ascent of a grand staircase (hewn out of the living rock) which begins precisely on the spot where old Aunt Sally Taylor† used to live. All Virginia seemed to be around me. Although the world claimed the Folly as a boon to humanity, Virginia claimed it as her own. Now this great State would be settled up; now our unrivaled natural resources would be developed, and now, beyond all shadow or possibility of peradventure, Norfolk would become the greatest seaport of the earth, and New York and Baltimore would be nowhere. The big bell tolled. The people (the landscape was black with them) hollered. I detected the voice of Trash Green.‡ It was a great time.

---

* Unfortunately, most of the orphans were too badly charred to be of future use, but the enterprising negroes of Gordonsville got the remainder (about two hundred and fifty), kept them on ice in Dr. Cadmus's wine-cellar, and for eighteen months orphan sandwiches, called chicken breast for short, were disposed of at great profit and much relished along with Jim Scott's grapes.

† Kept a little tavern there. When John Brown, nephew of Boss Cauthorn, lived at Dr. Seay's drug store, we used to go over there and get breakfast on Sunday mornings—good breakfasts they were, too.

‡ Lynchburg fishmonger of the period. Worthy, good temperance man; dressed nicely—breastpin and gloves.

At the head of the grand staircase, Mr. Robin Terry* (in the attitude of Virginia or the Goddess of Liberty, in a bell-crowned hat with curved brim, and trampling on the prostrate form of Mr. Jack Slaughter†) received me. Over their heads, Mr. Tom Stabler‡ on the one side and Mr. Bob Latham on the other held aloft the great motto in golden letters, *Sic Semper Tyrannis*. Mr. Terry's speech was a noble effort. When he let up, Jack Slaughter and the latter put off the robes of the tyrant, and donned his own sack-coat, and proclaimed that the days of the grinding oppression of poverty in Virginia were ended, to return no more while time lasted, there went up a shout that shook the hills, and made the Folly wabble from base to summit. My reply to these admirable addresses was a feeble one,—I wanted to go to Peter Wren's, and take a nip of plain whisky and water—but all the Lynchburg papers, all the Virginia papers, and all the papers all over the world said it was a sublime effort. I doubt it. Then the people went delirious with excitement and delight, and I went to the Washington House and went to bed. Scoville said he thought I was sick. It was a great time.

Sated with human applause, and conscious that my Folly, not my sense or my goodness, had won it, my parks, banks, factories, churches, cathedrals, music-halls, colleges, and lecture-rooms all running more or less successfully, naught much [N. M. is respectfully submitted to the *Dispatch—Ed. Whig*] remained for me to do—time was for me to depart. We all do fade as a leaf. Moreover, between the tens and twenties [of 1900, doubtless—*Whig*], my dear, good wife went from me. What she was to me—her forbearance, her long-suffering, her uncomplaining patience, her devotion to our children,

---

* New London academy pedagogue of the period. Good teacher and fine fellow.

† Lynchburg double-barreled banker of the period. I liked Jack in spite of his money. He and Bob Broadnax, myself, and somebody else, used to play whist together, and have very good times.

‡ Husband of one of the finest women in Virginia. Early-rising tobacco warehouse-man of the day and date above mentioned. Brother-in-law of the best brothers and sisters-in-law going at that time, and for some time previous and afterwards.

and, above all, her clear understanding of the whimsies incident to my peculiar temperament, and of those who preceded me and gave me my temperament,—why tell of these, or who cares to hear them? She it was who ennoble womankind (always loveable before I knew her) and humanity in my eyes. I cannot praise her as Stuart Mill praised his wife,—a woman no whit the superior of mine in moral if in mental (which I doubt) nature, but this I will say of her—that a more thoroughly truthful soul, a more loyal and steadfast friend, never dwelt on this planet. The man or woman who had her friendship (not that it was hard to get) had that which was above price, and which only persistent crime, meanness, or lying could take away. That I shall be worthy to draw nigh unto her in the other life I very much question, but this I hope—that on some celestial morning two bright sinless boys will take the poor newly-come sinner between them and, leading him to her sweet presence, say,—

"Mother, receive him for our sake."

She died before she was seventy, in the prime of the strength which came to her late in life, when the cares, griefs, and toils of her clouded youth and early womanhood were ended; and I mourned her truly, as a man mourns who has no other friend this side the grave.* Ah, me! how many, many friends there are now on the other side! I hope they all are still my friends, for often, and often, and often my heart goes out how warmly to them. I do not forget them. They are with

* This estimable woman came to her death in a singular and affecting way. Her maiden name was Ellen F. Glennan, the daughter of a Protestant Irish curate—see letter from Washington City, 1858, or thereabouts. From the time of our marriage she had a passion for second-hand wooden presses, equalled only by S. Jackson's craze for Yankee baggage-wagons. She preferred cheap green, but would take cheaper red presses whenever she could find them, and never got enough of them. Late in life she conceived the idea of a three-story much complicated pine press in as many several sections, had it made to order, and while putting it up herself (she would never let any one do for her what she herself could do) the upper section toppled over upon her, mashed her flat as a flounder, and the poor, tired, hard-working hands were at rest. Her maiden name was Ellen F. Glennan, the daughter of, etc. [the poor old gentleman forgets that he has already told us this.—*Ed. Whig.*]

me now more than are my living friends—far more. I feel their presence, their veritable existence. They live in me.

No man knows, not even the widower himself, how much he suffers. Cleave frail man smoothly from calvarium to *os coccygis*, and it is but natural that he should desire to find his lost if not better half, and not go single-legged and with only one eye on the world all his days. It is for this cause that widowers walk lop-sided and hip-shot, and are so anxious to get married again. Not that they want to marry for the mere sake of marrying—well they know that is not what it is cracked up to be—but they feel a-cold on one side, and yearn to pour out their grief on some friendly and sympathetic bosom. Thus the early courting of widowers, which is so much decried, is, if we did but know it, a secret commingling of tears for the loved and lost one; and as the commingling is all done and over by the time the new marriage comes off, it is but fit and proper that the two grief-relieved souls should be a trifle gay and cheerful. But they often cry together afterwards—especially the lady.

Being a lad of a little upwards of a century, and maintaining, as widowers all do, that I was unfazed by time and as good as ever stuck axe in a tree, which I was not and never had been, it was natural and becoming that I should want to get married again without indecorous and heartless delay; but that I should make such a poop and rancid old ass of myself as to court a mischievous little miss of six-and-twenty, or thereabouts, I could not have believed. I did, though. There was a blue-eyed, red-faced, yellow-haired girl at Ca Ira (I moved to the country soon after my wife died), that wound me around her finger, trotted me around, showed me off, made a laughing-stock of me, and then kicked me into the infinite void* with the full and unrelenting power of a very ponderous limb. That woman lied to me in every conceivable way. She lied with her eyes, she lied with her smiles, she lied with

† Lifted at the acute toe-point into The Inane, I found there a little mud-god named Carlyle, in the arms of Frederick the Great, and Dr. Francia standing by, feeding him with gobs of disjointed German text, done up in oatmeal, out of a spoon.

her gestures, with a thousand undulations of her graceful body; her life, for six months, was a continuous and unbroken lie, only she did not tell me in actual words that she loved me. And so, with a conscience void of offense, she went off and married a Pikelin or some such creature. But what a conscience! A cambric thread of the finest fibre would cover it like a counterpane. And yet nature, in her ample indifference (*I* can't call it economy), has a place for myriads of such immoral nits. The good of them at any time, past, present, and to come, is not apparent to me. To Pikelins and such they may be blessing, possibly. But as for me, I am done with women. We all do fade as a leaf.

When my mind was made up to move finally into the country (my summers having heretofore been spent in various rural retreats, so called, which I had purchased from time to time), I did not set to work with my abundant money to re-create the Domain of Arnheim on Poe's plan, the cottage of Landor, a villa in the Italian style, or anything of the kind. My highest ambition was to rebuild Captain Grigg's house just as it was in the olden time, and this I would certainly have done had not all or nearly all the trees between there and the Knob been cut down. The place was too open and exposed. I bought Evans's mill and all the land I could get in the neighborhood, divided it up into farms, with snug farm-houses, etc., and portioned them out to the children of William Gannaway and William Anderson, my cousins. For myself I found no resting place for the sole of my foot until I got into the wooded country near Pamplin's Depot. There I built an exact *fac simile* of Captain Grigg's—a little dormer-storied house, with a cool basement dining-room and cellar adjoining, a front porch with saddle-closet cut off from it, big outside chimneys (to encourage the friends of my childhood—toads), a covered brick passage for the wind to blow through, the water-pail, and the wood ready chopped for the fire, to set in, and then a tail of little rooms on different levels running down the hill—so that you had to step up or down to get into any room in the house. I had a barn, stable, corn-house, kitchen, quarters, dairy with F-like lattice-work under the eaves, a well, a

glorious well, with well-house over it, a carriage-house, horse-block and rack, spring and spring-house fifty yards or so from the dwelling, a damson tree or two, with some greengage plums in the yard, oaks, aspens, and locusts, a regular ley-hopper, big biscuit-block and great open fire-place in the kitchen, hen-hovels, duck-troughs, meat-house, weaving-room, loom, vast gobbler, an authoritative rumpless rooster, devoted to the society of the ladies, and a square-shouldered, deliberate drake, very affable to his family, flax-hackles, reel, wool-cards, spinning-wheels, everything, including peacock and chatty guinea chickens. Other people might live as they pleased, I intended to live like a Virginian. I had money and money "in a plenty;" why not? In my garden were lilacs and hollyhocks, gooseberries, raspberries, currants, etc., a fig bush or two, some hazelnut bushes, artichokes and grass-nuts; a patch for broomcorn, and reeds for fishing-poles, gourds along the fence and cymlins at intervals; I had besides, a nice pond with abundant bullfrogs, a dam and mill-pond full of chub and silver perch, and an old-fashioned saw-mill, with a saw that worked up and down like a distracted man in a jump-jacket. This for company when I felt lone-some; and as I took good care not to cultivate much of my land, there was never wanting gullies and galls, with a pretence of bresh and corn-stalks to cure them—I wouldn't have cured 'em for the world—great store of mulleins, hen-nest grass, sassafras, thorn-bushes, Cherokee plums in detached squads, isolated persimmon-trees, brier patches, dewberry vines, old fields with and without old field pines—good for setting-turkeys and old hares—a right sharp chance of sour, sobby, crawfishy land, some puffy land, some places where the water seeped out, some old gray not quite dead cherry-trees, a lost and rather bony Lombardy poplar or so, some huge high pines not far from the house for the sake of woodpeckers, low-grounds for kildees and watermelons, a good-sized creek with three or four regularly baited fishing-places, a collection of tall naked sycamores for buzzards to roost in, four mules, three yoke of oxen, twelve caws to the pail, a jinny and a hinny, an amiable sleepy-headed horse for my own riding, and a milk and cider filly, with a side-saddle,

nankeen riding-skirt, and sun-bonnet for any lady who might happen to pay me a visit.

I had also not quite a gross of hounds, beagles, pointers, setters, bulldogs, and bench-leg fice, all to keep company, and a sociable but exasperating cat, that would sit and doze, and blink by the fire, and see a mouse run up my breeches leg, and blink and doze and look up in my face like an insensate, hairy, slit-eyed Chinese simpleton, until I didn't know what I was ready to do to that cat if I hadn't been superstitious and afraid. A cat like that is a bad cat. I had me also a convenient wood-pile (nothing but wood was burnt in my house), with plenty of oak and hickory, plenty of pine too, and lots of chips and light-wood knots, with a white-oak basket (not a big, new white white-oak basket, but a little old black white-oak basket, with a hole burnt in one side, jagged edges, and a swinging handle, loose at one end), to hold my chips and corn husses.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

A Lonely Old Age—Dark and Bitter Thoughts—Arrival of the Commodore—Throwing Mexican Dollars—A Negro Killed—A Stormy Night—Trouble of Life's Ending—Misery of this World—Hallucinations—In the Fodder-stack—A Voice.

AND yet I was not happy.* For a time, indeed, all went well. My negroes (the men dressed in nappy cotton and the women in striped homespun) behaved very well. People came to see me, dined with me, and talked politics. My Curdsville fiddler was always ready to entertain them, a negro boy was never wanting to fetch a pail or can of fresh water (I had a cocoanut rimmed with silver and a real, regular sweet old gourd to drink out of), or to

* In my time it was thought to be very funny to say "and yet I am not happy." The oftener it was said the funnier it was thought to be. I consider people as amongst the most curious human beings I ever saw. Mules and members of the legislature come next.

bring a coal of fire between two chips from the kitchen in summer-time to light our pipes with, or to get some mint from the mint bed. In a word, I led the life of an old Virginian with plenty of money, and enjoyed it. But times changed; settlers from all parts of the world began to crowd up to and around my plantation; no wages could tempt the negroes from going to the negro districts of the South; people ceased to come to me except for money (my Folly had left me but a few millions and I got tired of everlasting giving); my Curdsville fiddler, getting lonesome, left me never to return, and finally I was left alone with an old negro cook (women stick to men to the last), her grand-daughter, and one or two great grand-sons. With them I got along after a fashion, but it was a mournful fashion. The garden and a few outside acres under cultivation supplied me with roasting ears and turnip greens. I had generally a roast shoat in season, sometimes a lamb, a full supply of chickens, and you may be sure the negroes took good care not to let me get out of hog meat.

I grew morbid. Fishing palled on me, jogging about on my sway-back mare became tiresome, sitting under my favorite pine and listening to its soughing brought recollections no longer tender but only sad and full of vain longing for the friends that had gone before me; trimming the knots on a hickory stick brought no comfort, my eyesight failed as my hearing had long before, appetite failed, and even the reading of my books, when I could read at all, and the wondering admiration of myself in my better days* served but to irritate me. One of the greatest of calamities—a lonely old age—had befallen me.

My thoughts grew dark and bitter, darker and more bitter day by day, as the lonesome months went by. Oh for the sight of the face of a single friend of my youth and early manhood! But they were gone—my children and grandchildren, the children and grandchildren of the thousands I had befriended, were scattered and gone. I was forgotten by the human race. Desire had failed, the possibility of enjoyment was forever past. Aches and

* "My God, what genius I had then!" Swift in his dotage.

pains were not lacking to fill up the measure of my misery. I had outlived life—the saddest of all the evil things of which this sad, bad world is full. I could not think a bright or cheering thought; no one wanted me now to do a good deed. I was unremembered, yet alive and suffering. All the low, vile, underhand, over-reaching, treacherous, mean, and contemptible actions and transactions of all the men I had ever known came back to me with terrific force, and abode with me. I could not get rid of them. Recalling all I had done for my State and its people, seeing how neglected and steeped in solitary woe and pain I was, I hated and despised my race with the hatred and despite of a soured and impotent old age. My soul was full of gall and desire to do harm.

I forgot the torrents of crime, wave after wave, world-wide and high in volume (committed? no! only not committed for want of opportunity) that had passed through me time and again, oh! so often; and I forgot (God help me) the myriads of kindnesses that had been done to me and mine; to me by my uncle James, his family and my other kin; to me by hundreds of newspaper men, other men too; to my dear wife during her long, long sickness; to my dear old father by black and white in Tappahannock, I forgot the love and the prayers, so undeserved, the forgiving and forgetting that had followed all through my life. I forgot these things. I remembered only, thought only of the meanness, the misery and the wickedness (there is plenty of all three) of this wretched existence.

Fortunately for me I retained enough sense to know that action, action is the only cure for the crime of over-contemplation and brooding. It was but little I could do, but that little I did with all my small remaining strength. I plodded around my plantation, trying to study animal and vegetable nature, and running the risk daily of tumbling into some ditch, gully or branch, and so drowning myself. I would have rather liked that. It was of no use; still I trudged, and still I brooded over the ills of life and the vileness of human nature. How long this would have lasted it is useless to conjecture, but one day as I was toiling slowly up a hill a strange, very strange

apparition on the top attracted my attention. Amazed and very much frightened, too, I stood still in my tracks, and the thing, whatever it was, came on. I was unarmed and greatly scared.

To my intense relief it proved to be the automaton of Commodore Porter. Eustace, having made a fortune out of him, had sold him to a subsidiary side-showman, from whom the Commodore, indignant, had escaped in the night. Wandering indefinitely about the country, various Vandal malignants had evilly entreated him, and he appeared before me in a calash, a cavalry sword and boots, a hoop-skirt and bustle, no other clothes, and his machinery inside working visibly and violently. One hand was tied behind him, in the other he held the tall staff of Terrill of Bath, that resembled an exaggerated parasol-handle of the period, and his mind, or rather the mechanism of it, was excited, for the evil entreaters had broken off a part of his tongue, and strapped the rest of it down, so that he could not make himself intelligible at all.

"Commodore," said I, "they seem to have served thee badly."

He made no reply—gritted his teeth in wrath, and glared at me. I could not laugh at so hapless a being, but was both distressed and delighted to see him, and he was so glad at last to meet a friend that he shed a few kerosene tears (his eyes, his joints and journals were greased with that excellent unguent) of relief, and we went joyfully home together. In a day or two I had him dressed nicely in a suit of my old clothes, a little too short in the arms and legs for him, but comfortable; his tongue untied, his slides, hinges and wheels all freshly oiled, and the whole man in elegant running order. He was fine company for me for awhile, but, as old men will do, we gradually grew morose, and longed for some excitement. Action, action was what we wanted; we were tired of smoking. My faculty of invention had not altogether deserted me, so I sent for several salt-sacks full of silver Mexican dollars, and amused myself for days by throwing them at the bodies and faces of poor men of the vicinage, allowing them to take every dollar that hit

them, the Commodore picking up the dollars that missed and bringing them back to me, and relishing the sport hugely. After a fellow had an eye, or two or three teeth knocked out, he generally went home; but one wretched man, with the worst face I ever saw, allowed both eyes, all of his upper and lower front teeth to be knocked out, his nose mashed flat, and cut in two, and his forehead to be completely skinned before he gave up.

"There, Commodore," said I, "that is the natural human greed for money; did you ever see the like of it; would you, could you have believed it?"

The Commodore merely laughed. But when I learned that the poor man had stood all this for the sake of an afflicted wife and children, it nearly killed me, although I gave him a sack of silver to ease my conscience.*

The Commodore had often begged me to let him try his hand, but he was so powerful I was afraid; one day, however, I consented. He threw the first dollar smack through a stalwart negro, back-bone and all, and it took the rest of our silver to buy off judge and jury, and to save ourselves from being hanged. This put an end to our sport.

We grew more and more melancholy and savage, and I got more and more afraid of the Commodore. I couldn't bear to let him run down completely, for that would be depriving myself of all society; but he became so ill-natured and dangerous, that I had to keep him only partially wound up—which made him madder than ever. He had a hole in his back, and a key, kept in a box under his ribs, with which he was set going; and, his springs being tremendous, it took all my strength to wind him thoroughly. Unluckily for me, he discovered that by inserting a door-knob in the hole in his back and by whirling himself around he could wind himself up, which he did, and came down stairs to my room a good many times, and whaled me very cruelly. The wonder is that he didn't kill me. I wish he had, for

* He proved to be a tailor of the neighborhood—an excellent, sensible, good man, much like my old friend Benson, the grandfather of E. B. Spence, of Richmond. Mr. B. had but one defect; he could not tell cabbage from cribbage.

now life was but a constant terror. Finally, I hit upon the plan of greasing the door-knobs (strange he never found it out!), and that, and that alone, prolonged my days. It was a frightful strain upon my failing memory not to forget to grease my knobs, every one of them. My cook and the other servants wouldn't have done it for the world—they had a mortal terror of the Commodore, and ran for their lives at the very sight of him. A sad, sad time I had.

There came a night—well do I remember it—a wild night, towards the end of December, a night of tempest and thick darkness. A lean and very aged man, full of pain and troublous thoughts, lay in his bed. For him there was but one sentience, and one sufferer in the universe. Outside, the fierce wind poured its flood, pausing ever and anon only to gain added strength and fierceness. What cared the wind for the aching and mind-tormented centenarian? The house shuddered from end to end; there were whisperings under doors and through key-holes; challenges and replies anear and afar, rustlings and passings outside the shaking casements, noiseless goings to and fro, and tellings of unknown things in inarticulate tongues of those without to those within; unusual and great business and bustle in ghostland. Terrors were about and abroad—strange work, God wot, to be done. My poor friend, automaton as he was, came down in abject affright, crouched close to my bedside beside the hearth, almost emberless now, and said no word. The trouble of life's ending was upon me. I could not sleep. I arose, dressed myself, paid no heed to the outstretched supplicating wooden hand of the Commodore, and, uncloaked and bareheaded, went out into the storm. Brain and heart were afire; I felt no cold. In a fodder-stack near the stable I had made on the leeward side a deep hole into which I would often go late at night to watch the stars, and worry my poor limited mind, until astronomy became a numbing pain. I laid down there awhile and looked at the tree-arms tossing helplessly, and the tall spectral tops of the pines in the distant wood bowed in submission to the storm. I felt the pitilessness of the wind. I could see all the oceans with the

waves tumbling horizon after horizon away, the world round, and I felt the strength and the unmercifulness of water. The force of volcanoes that know not that mankind inhabit the world; the throes of earthquakes that swallow cities of men, women and children, and do not consider, but go on. I heard the rush of monstrous fish under the waters, the crash of flesh-eating beasts through jungles, the faint, slimy sound of venomous reptiles crawling to their prey, the cracking of the crunched bones of innocent victims, the yells and cries, never heard by man, of the fighting saurians of the fore-world; I felt as with the hand the remorseless power of famines, and listened with ears other than mine own to the march of pestilences that look not back nor remember. Diseases took shape, and in hideous personation came before me—cancer, carbuncle, fungus, abscess, deformities, insanities, rheums, neuralgias, ulcers, pains unnamed and innumerable—a horrid throng. The dolors too terrible to be told, of mind, body and heart, that pious men, guileless women and sinless children suffer; the shame and remorse of guilty men; the hardness, worse than shame or remorse, of those who feel neither—all came to me, all the misery and wickedness of this perplexing world, all that was suffered in the endless past, and all that is to be endured (and for what?) in the endless future, one vast, wide, undivided, solid, black mass of ever-enduring agony, pressed down and in upon me.

I rose up. This was too much. As I went out of the stack, the thick, ragged clouds that had been hurrying all night long to some rendezvous on the other side of the globe fled clear away—the crescent moon, white and cold, and sharp and hard as a saddler's knife, came out and shed a ghostly light on the scene. The wind died; the trees stood still; a great frost set in. There was peace—the peace of frost—that, too, was pitiless, and of death. I walked to the horse-block, and sat down. Mine hour was come. I felt it, knew it, and was glad. No one ever came to ride my horses. The side-saddle and sun-bonnet were unused, had never been used. I was deserted. The fair, fond face of woman had been blotted wholly out of my life, almost out of my memory.

"So much motion awhile ago," said I, "and now so much rest, blessed rest. What am I but motion, and why not now cease, be not no more forever, and mingle with the infinite sources of motion that lie among the stars?"

On a sudden I felt the earth rise up out of its orbit. The movement was swift, inconceivably so, but not hurried. By a finer sense than sight I saw that the stars were not falling, but that I was going up to them. Their steely fires grew brighter momently, and presently I knew that the splendor of countless flaming suns would fall full upon me. A great awe and expectation came over me.* Just then I heard a voice,—

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

Aunt Polly Waddy—Cavalry Comin'—Ned Gregory, Barron Hope, V. Dabney and others—Slugs and Gulgers—Col. T. F. Owens—An Old Virginia Breakfast—The Commodore Breaks Loose—A Terrible Time—Cremation—Loose Again—Earthquakes, Cholera, etc.—Grand Dinner—Royal Ashcake—Toasts, Speeches, and Perfect Bliss—Asleep at His Own Table.

"Look h'yer, ole marster, ef you don't git off dat hoss-block, you gwine freeze spang to it, and me and little Billy will have to come and prize you off wid a crow-bar."

It was the voice of my cook, Aunt Polly Waddy, the

---

*Awe is to the mind somewhat like gravity to the muscles, the weight of the incomprehensible. The inability to hold, or to take up, oppresses, and so does the inability to take in or understand. A ball of fire some eight hundred thousand miles across, like the sun, might well impress the mind with a sense of awe, and yet it is but a ball of fire. Once understood, it will appear what it really is, no more wonderful than the flame of the commonest hydrocarbon—that of a tallow dip, for example. Curious! that the human intellect, measuring, as it were, the universe, regards solar and sidereal systems as but shining motes, and yet that same intellect is awed and amazed by a tall mountain, a lofty interior, or a high tower, like my Folly.

last slave-born woman living in America. She had belonged to Colonel Bondurant.

"Go away, Aunt Polly," said I; "I am concerned about higher matters than these material particles you call my body—go away."

"I won't budge a inch twell you git up from dar. I don't want to hear none of yo' foolosophy 'bout potticals—git up from dar, ole marster; don't you hear me? You's a pritty man—so old dat yo' bones rattles in yo' skin like cinders in a tin-pan—to be settin' out here and de frost gethrin' on you like dried rozum on a pine log—git up from dar, day's breakin'—git up. Lemme heist you down."

"Be it so, Aunt Polly," said I, mournfully, coming back from the stars with great anguish. "But what have I to do with life?"

"Monsus little," was her reply; "and darfo you mout be mo' keerful."

"Heish!" she cried suddenly; "heish! kelvery comin'."

Sure enough, the trampling of many hoofs was heard in the distance. A squadron of imperial cuirassiers had gone up some days before to suppress a disturbance at Concord depot, and their return did not surprise me. Presently the cavalcade halted under the gigantic oaks that shaded the road in front of my house, and the officer in command saluted me in a strangely quavering voice.

"Give you good-morrow, fair sir," said he.

"Give it to me, then," I replied gruffly, for I was in no humor to receive visitors; "give it to me and pass on—this ain't no tavern."

"Fur de Lord's sake, ole marster, don't sen' um away. We's had no comp'ny fur de longist, and my fingers farly eeches to be doin' somethin'."

"Methinks, most ancient codger," said the officer, "that your lingo is even more unclassical than inhospitable."

"Ned Gregory," said I, "if you and Jim Hope and the rest of you have nothing better to do at your time of death (I knew they were all dead), you'd better go back to the graves where you belong."

No man, no living man, would or could have believed it; but besides E. S. Gregory and James Barron Hope, there were Alex. McDonald, Jim Booker, Ham Chamberlayne,* V. Dabney, Gordon McCabe, Phil. Haxall, John Reeve, Legh Page, Nathan Clapp, John Meredith and Mel. Cardoza, and a good many more, some twenty in number, all on horseback except Mel, who was mounted upon a little lame Shetland pony with big black eyes. All had beards, white as the driven snow, hanging down to their waists, except Gordon McCabe, who looked to be about seventeen years of age till you got close to him and saw that there were at least ten thousand wrinkles in his face.

"Have you got any cold sperrits?" they cried.

"Did y'all know Woody Latham?" said I.

And they answered and said they did. "We desire some pizen," they added.

"Did y'all know Judge Semple?" said I.

They answered yes, and most of them lied.

"And did y'all know Jim McDonald and Bob Ridgway and Chas. Irving and Marcellus Anderson and Philander McCorkle and Gallatin Paxton and Bob Glass and Gray and Bob Latham and Roger A. Pryor and Sam Paul and Joe Mayo and A. D. Banks and Wm. E. Cameron and George and Abe Venable and Chas. W. Button and Billy Mosby and Nat Meade and Geo. Wedderburn and Nebuchadnezzar and Peter Francisco and Dr. Henry C. Alexander and old Mr. Osborne of Petersburg and Melchisedek and Mr. J. P. Cowardin and Capt. O'Bannon and Uncle Alex. Moseley and Cæsar and Maurice and Squire of the *Whig* office and Heliogabalus and Bennett of the *Enquirer* and Peter B. Prentis of Nansemond and Col. Walter Taylor and the Dismal Swamp and the two Barhams of Petersburg and Dr. Pleasants and the fourth book of Euclid and Senator Ro. E. Withers?"

[In the original MS. the list embraces the names of nearly half the population, male and female, of Lynchburg, Farmville, Richmond, Petersburg, and Norfolk, a

* [A clear case of resurrection. Chamberlayne was killed in battle in the third or fourth installment.—*Ed. Whig.*]

large number of heathen gods, and old Virginia negroes of good families.]

And they answered, and said they pintedly did—which for the most part was a falsity on their part.

Then, turning to my handmaiden, I inquired:

"Aunt Polly, can you cook up a little something for these gentlemen?"

The old woman was a Virginian to the interior of her backbone. Her eyes literally flashed—

"Cook! Kin I cook? for dem few? I kin cook for *all creashun*, ef you gimme de lard."

"Well," said I, "you've had the keys these ten years, and I reckon you ought to know where the lard is."

The old woman hurried off, overjoyed.

I, too, was overjoyed. My eyes filled with tears of unspeakable thankfulness for the gift of friendship and human sympathy that had come to me so unexpectedly on the very edge of life. I felt that I could live ever so much longer.

"'Light, 'light, you blessed, blessed, blessed old hellions," I cried (no such relief for affection as an oath-edged benediction), "and come in."

The old, half-frozen fellows scrabbled down from their horses as quickly as they could, shook me warmly by the hand, and we hurried into the house, for it was very cold.

It always made the Commodore mad for company to come. Scared as he had been by the horror that was in the air during the night, he was not half so scared as I was lest he should intrude upon my guests; but, luckily for us all, he retired in the sulks to his room and there remained. A grand, old-fashioned fire was soon set going in the wide hearth of the dining-room—some of the logs were rammed end-wise up the chimney—and we began to warm our shrivelled hands; but before we could get comfortable the demand for antifogmatics became vociferous.

"Boys," said I (not one of them was a day under a hundred), "boys, I've got here all the 'heimers, wassers, cognacs, London docks, schnapps, rums, clarets, sherries, madeiras, S. T. 1860 Xs, treble Xs, stouts, Bass's and Bowler's pale ales, lagers, Kissingens, etc., etc.; also a barrel or two of Ned Lafong's Clemmer and a few runlets of Bob Burke's choice Hanger: what do you say?"

"Whisky! Whisky!" unanimously.

We took about a dozen four-finger slugs apiece and at least eight bald-face gulgers, plumb to the brim every pop. We were none of your tender-gizzarded spring chickens; besides, the weather was deucedly cold.

By the time we were fairly warmed up inside and out, Aunt Polly brought in breakfast.

We had in the first place a regular old-time Montrose loaf, a high fellow, like a Martello tower. Gordon McCabe got as mad as fire because he couldn't tip-toe and shake his fist over it in the face of Phil Haxall—the boys were all a good deal excited. Then we had spare-ribs, broiled ham and eggs, beefsteak and onions, corned shad, and chitlins on toast. We had also some batter-bread, some batter-cakes, some buckwheat cakes, some flannel-cakes, some hominy, some turn-overs, some griddle-cakes, some beat-biscuit, some muffins, and some heavenly waffles. Last, but not least, we had some coffee, some open fire-placed, trivet-hotted coffee, just such coffee as Mrs. Chamberlayne's Laura used to make—coffee that goes to the soul—in a megatherial pot.

As we were about to sit down, in comes Col. Thomas F. Owens,* who had been detained all night at Spout Spring. He was received with a *feu de joie*, in decidedly cracked accents, asked a Masonic blessing, and we all fell to. When the Arabian elixir began to penetrate to their remotest capillaries, and the gums (there wasn't the half of a tooth in the whole crowd) of these old cocks began to sink through the crisp, brown crust down into the very marrow of the hot waffles, they sobbed aloud and with one voice said, "This, this is Old Virginia!"

It did me good to hear them say so. I thought so myself.

Never did I see people eat so; never did I eat so in all my life. It was eleven o'clock and after before breakfast was over.

---

* A ruddy, clean, nicely-dressed, always good-natured, always courteous, obliging, and "excellent well, I give you thanks" Aid-de-Camp to Governor Walker of the 1870–74 period. If Governor Walker had run a horse-shoe magnet smoothly smack round the world, he could not have attracted a better man for the office he filled.

I had all sorts of all sorts of cigars in the known world; I had every named pipe, with reed, reed-root, fig, cherry, and other stems, also some noble cobs, wrought by the genius of Franklin Mosby and handed down to me by Alexander Mosely, together with a lot of long *ti-ti* stems, sloped off at the tip like the mouth-piece of a clarionet. We were smoking like twenty old tar-kilns, when an ominous rumbling and rattling was heard upon the staircase. My worst fears were realized; it was the Commodore, freshly wound up and in a perfect frenzy at the intrusion of my guests. In an instant I had locked and bolted the parlor door. As well have opposed so much pasteboard to his progress; he smashed the door down with a single blow, leaped into the crowd and laid about him with the staff of old Terrill, of Bath, in a most alarming and indeed dangerous style. The rattling of that staff upon our old skulls reminded me of a hogshead full of gourds rolling down a rocky hill. It was an awful state of affairs. We were twenty-one in all, but no match for that terrible automaton with his huge stick; black eyes, bloody noses, and skinned sconces became the order of the day in less than fifteen minutes. He soon cleared out the parlor, and such a chase up-stairs and down-stairs ensued as was never seen before. Of all the lively old men that ever were on this planet we were the liveliest. I haven't a doubt that he would have killed the last one of us if John Meredith, who had learned the art in California, had not blinded him by throwing a bed-quilt over his head, and then lassoed him; after which it was comparatively an easy matter (not such an easy matter either, for he fought like a demon to the last) to bind him hand and foot. What to do with him, was then the question. A violent discussion followed. "To destroy such a marvelous bit of mechanism would be a sin and a shame," said some. "We will have no peace of our lives—he may get loose at any moment—until we put an end to him," said the others. After two hours' talk, interspersed with numerous nips, it was put to the vote and decided by a large majority to burn him. Accordingly, he was doubled up, tied with plow-lines, his feet to his head and his arms around his legs, and thrown upon the great brass andirons of the dining-room fire-place,

the only one large enough to receive him. We ought to have known better; but, what with the various gulgers, slugs and nips that we had taken, we did not. No sooner were the plow-lines burnt through, than the old man came out of the fire-place with a demoniac bound and scream, scattering the coals in all directions, setting the house on fire in a dozen different places, smashing half my crockery (the table was set for dinner) and playing hob generally. A stampede followed, of course. Ham Chamberlayne tripped him up, seized one leg, old Kelley, of the Fredericksburg *Herald*, seized the other, and away they both went out of different windows, carrying the sashes with them and landing twenty feet out in the yard. The Commodore, leaping after them, gave chase to the first men he saw, who chanced to be Bishop Gibbons and Dr. Erasmus Powell, the greatest pile-ointmenter of the age. Off they sped through the well-house, the Commodore not two feet behind them. Blind with rage, the Commodore missed the gate (a happy circumstance), and smash went the well-house, down went the Commodore, kicking and fighting as he fell, knocking out the stones and destroying the well forever but entombing himself at the same time. He kept kicking, though, and at last accounts was gradually working his way through to the other side of the earth, producing earthquakes, eclipses, tidal-waves, and Asiatic cholera at various points as he went along.*

Order was soon restored, and dinner was served without delay, for the sun was setting, and we were as hungry as silkworms. As I entered the dining-room that capital *major-domo*, Charley B. Oliver, came in with a big bowl of superb egg-nog. John Dabney, through another door, brought a bowl of apple-toddy (Tom Wynne's pattern), and Gerot followed with some other delicious mixed French something or other. In one corner Bishop Cummings and Mr. Latane were discussing pedobaptism with Innes Randolph and Jimmy Pegram (Jim was fat), while in the other Mr. Sprigg and Dr. Staples were presenting

* The terrestrial eructations at Bald Mountain immediately after this event were peculiarly severe, distilling ceased, and many Hard-shell, Tar-heel souls were saved for a few days, and it is to be hoped permanently.

copies of the Bible to T. W. McMahon and Horace Greeley. Just then Mosby, Wirt Harrison, Lorentz and Kellam, of the Auditor's office, came in with four or five scuttles (they were sweet and clean) of smoking Tom and Jerry. Dr. Bastian, Huxley, and J. C. Southall, protested that a cold protoplasmic smash was the thing, and Lubbock (Sir John), a little tipsy I thought, called vociferously for a prehistoric stone-fence, but their voices were lost in the general uproar of talk. People continued to come; some I knew intimately, others not so well, but all were warmly welcomed. I could hear the clatter of the swingletrees and the clink of the trace-chains of arriving vehicles on all sides of the yard.

It was a dinner indeed—such a dinner—Aunt Polly's supreme triumph. We had a Royal Bengal ashcake, as big as the head of a flour-barrel, no collard leaf about it, the print of the cook's fingers still there, and a few cinders clinging to the crust in spite of careful washing. We had a sublime turkey and a ham that quieted all longings for immortality—all present longings, I mean. We had some pot-liquor with dumplings, a cotopaxic Brunswick stew, vegetables of various degrees, 'coon cutlets, some bread—also forks—some eggs, many numerous eggs—and knives—some eggs, and a joint of conic sections garnished with Greek roots, for the benefit of Harry Estell and Tom Price—and eggs, plenty of knives and gravy—with the fif'-finest wuh, wuh, wuh-ine, *wine* (I said wine) sent me from Oscar Jones's by Cha'—Charles Cranz—and eggs.

A fine—good—elegant—fuf'—fine dinner.

I sat at the foot of the table, with my cousin Billy Ivvins (when did he come?) and George Eliot on my right, and E. S. Gregory and Bill M. Thackeray on my left. Herbert Spencer sat at the head, with Tarquin the Proud on one side and George Dabney Wooten on the other—a supp'-lendid comp'ny. I could hear the swingletrees of more a coming, and I was glad. I had plenty.

They toasted me. Everybody was kind, and toasted. "Dear, good, generous old Moses—we'll never leave you —we wo-won't go ho'."

My dry old heart was suffused with bliss. At last I had

what I wanted—love, affection, good fellowship, people that really cared for me and enjoyed being with me. I was very happy.

I stood up to reply. The last rays of the setting sun shone through the windows (we had pasted foolscap over the broken panes) and shed a glory over the scene. The room was warm and rather close—too much wood on the fire. I stood up to respond. They were all dead men—they could not fool me—and if there was one thing I wanted to see in this world more than another it was a dead man, and here they were by the score, and more coming, kept coming. I could hear my big gate slamming as they drove through.

And they all looked at me with the look I had seen in the eyes of the friends of my childhood, and they had promised to stay with me and look at me that way all the time. It was great joy, exceeding great. I stood up to second the—to reply. I was in heaven, a lowly corner or sub-cellar of heaven it was true, but delightful, and I knew that when this foolishness was past, friends still nearer and dearer, male and female, were close at hand without, waiting to welcome me. I was so happy.

As I rose up to reply and looked into the beaming and affectionate eyes of my friends, a rosy mist filled the room, the table (Spiro Zetelle, sitting on a piano-stool in the middle in place of the pyramid of candied oranges, directed the feast with a silver-mounted baton borrowed from Ambold) the table stretched out, Herbert Spencer and Dabney Wooton receded in the dim sweet distance, I could hear my muffled voice following them as they vanished—and—I pledge you my word (as William Waller used to say in Lynchburg, with his coat sleeves pushed back and showing his cuffs) I pledge you my word, I went fast asleep standing up at my own table!

[Poor old Moses! Tight is not the word—it is too harsh—much too harsh.—*Ed. Whig.*]

* * * * * * *

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

In Gordonsville—Grand Triangular Bob Sully Hotel—Fried Chicken and Hard-boiled Eggs in Effigy—Vast Gongs—Stofers, Frys, Scotts, Chapmans, Kincheloes, etc.—The Sphynx—Adams a Nuisance—Sent to Poor-House—Death—Burial and Obituary—The End.

WHEN I came to myself I was in Gordonsville. How I got there nobody would ever tell me. I had done a great deal for that place. By paring down Smith's mountain I managed to elevate the general level of the town, so that a man could go down into his cellar to get his little frosted turnip and his little withered carrot without wading up to his neck in water. Whereupon the place grew wonderfully. I had the satisfaction of seeing the streets stretch out almost to Mr. Haxall's, and a succession of palatial stores with large pane windows and occupied by a relay of solid firms of Brotherton, Bros. & Bro., Cousinton, Cousins & Co., Nephewson, Nephews & No. (abb. for nobody else), all disposing of full lines of goods, bads, and indifferents to the people of Madison and Greene. Also, there was a tobacco factory and a patent plow-helve-handle studio. I fitted up the railroad junction or Y, and erected thereupon a mighty triangular hotel, covering the whole space of the Y and twelve stories high, with four mansard roofs, and surmounted by a tower higher than that of the *Tribune* building, on the top of which stood a prodigious figure of Mercury, like that on the custom-house at Venice, resting on tip-toe, holding a big hard-boiled egg in one hand and a huge fried chicken-leg in the other. It was an interesting tower, and was noticed a good deal. People came up from the Pizen-feels in ox-carts and on water barrels, in sledges drawn by fiercely tail-twisted and pepper-podded yearlings, and camped over against it to admire it.

From Green Springs, from far Cobham, from distant Pittsylvania, and remote Fluvanna came wanderers, who stayed till the indolentest flies built webs in their gaping

mouths. In junks, dug-outs, and double canoes many Chinese and Cannibals arrived to enjoy the grandeur and repose of the Bob Sully hotel, as it was called. South Americans sailed up from the tops of the Andes on the backs of condors, fifteen feet from tip to tip. Pardigon came up on a fresh bicycle or velocipede without drawing rein or halting for water. It was so large a house that the three sides had to be kept by three different people. Tip Jennings kept one side, Snowden Yates kept the other, and Colonel C. T. Crittenden kept the third. The rivalry was so great that they had to be kept well, and they were kept well, yea, splendidly. Lovers of good eating and good drinking (Jimmy Keagy had three barrooms on each side, or nine in all, and all large) rushed from every car to get a meal there. The roar of trains and the shriek of locomotives never ceased day or night. Each landlord kept a gong twelve feet in diameter and run by steam going all the time. This excited the atmosphere and refreshed the arriving passengers. Many of the largest negroes amiably solicited your patronage and praised his side of the triangle. Digges had forty odd wheat fans which blew out his land circulars by the one hundred thousand. Gordonsville was a lively place. A great many people came there to get something good to eat. The Sphynx got up out of the sand, flirted farewell with her tail to the Pyramid of Cheops, crossed the seas, landed at Only near Onancock, inquired for Henry A. Wise, waded Chesapeake bay, cut her feet with oyster shells, came up to Gordonsville by way of Centre-Cross and Milford on four stilts, called for two dozen griddled riddles, couldn't get them, died of inanition, died on the platform near the ticket office, was quarried on the spot and her remains turned into a poor-house.

I was absolutely penniless,* but a descendant of Fatty

* A great change had come to pass. The earth had passed through the tail of Dill's comet (discovered by Mr. Joseph Dill, tobacco manufacturer and astronomer of Richmond), producing strange effects. Among others, the appetite for stimulants and narcotics of every kind had been absolutely destroyed—men drank water only, and the need of most medicines ceased. A terrible shrinkage in values followed, involving the financial world in the greatest disasters. My investments were in opium plantations in India. Of course I was irretrievably ruined.

Dunn generously took care of me. From side to side of the triangular hotel I pottered with my cane from early dawn till dark, worrying everybody by telling what I had done for Virginia, and especially for the County of Orange. Being a small and very pretty county, I had, at not very great cost, made throughout its length and breadth a perfect system of macadamized roads, so admirably built that for very many years, indeed up to the time of my death, they did not need one dollar's worth of repairs. Population flowed in immediately, the major part of the newcomers being men of wealth from England and the North, who filled the whole county with most beautiful residences. Every farm was a picture, every turn of the landscape a delight. All of my friends joined Tom Wallace in land speculation, and prospered immensely. Their families increased. There were Burgesses on every hill-top, A. F. Stofers in every valley, a profusion of Phil Frys and Phil Barbours, a world of William Henry Chapmans, cords of W. W. and Wick Scotts, Abe Houseworths in abundance, Kincheloes in quantity, and Eckloffs without end; say nothing of all the other families, especially Dr. Grymes's and Mrs. Bull's. And yet none of these people would believe that I had ever lifted a finger for Virginia or Orange County. They did not so much as know my name—had never heard of me. At last I became such a nuisance on the platform, button-holed people so and spluttered in their faces so that they sent me to the poor-house, and put me in the care of a bad-tempered old pauper woman, who abused me, and scratched me until my face resembled the old American flag at half-mast in a calm. And there one day I died of a surfeit of cornfield peas.

The only notice made of me in the Gordonsville *Gazette*, edited by Drinkard,* was this:

"Moses Adams, a pauper, died at the poor-house yesterday soon after dinner. He was very old—said to be upwards of one hundred—and labored under the delusion

* Great grandson of W. F. Drinkard, a powerful and uncompassionate etymological, meteorological Richmond *Dispatchist* of a long previous period.

that he had been enormously rich. His knowledge of grammar was defective."

At my request they buried me in the middle of the road. It was a good road, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that every day some jolly party would pass over my head on the way to a good eating-place—the place they call Phil Jones's.

THE END.

POPULAR WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

PHILADELPHIA.

Will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

Gideon's Rock. A Novel. By Katherine Saunders, author of "The High Mills," etc. With a Frontispiece. 16mo. Extra cloth. $1.

"A simple, touching story, that goes straight to the heart of the reader."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"It is a masterpiece." — *London Times.*

The High Mills. A Novel. By Katherine Saunders, author of "Gideon's Rock." Illustrated. 8vo. Paper. 75 cents. Extra cloth. $1.25.

"In all the portraiture, description, dialogue and incident of the book there is a fresh originality, a vivid dramatic power, a knowledge of the mystery of life, that few possess. Here is a writer who will be, perhaps, as great as George Eliot."—*New York Evening Mail.*

"In many respects one of the best and most powerful works of fiction that have been lately issued." — *Boston Journal.*

Hester Kirton. A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid, author of "Rookstone," "A Bad Beginning," "Chesterford," etc. A new edition. 16mo. Ornamented cloth. $1.25.

"It is altogether one of the best publications of the day."—*Philadelphia Age.*

"By far one of the best novels that have been sent to us this season."—*New Orleans Times.*

Rookstone. A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid, author of "Forgotten by the World," "Hester Kirton," "Patty," etc. Illustrated. 8vo. Paper cover. 75 cents. Extra cloth. $1.25.

"Well constructed and clearly told. We recommend it to novel readers."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"It is admirably written and excellent in tone."—*New York Evening Mail.*

Seed-Time and Harvest; or, During my Apprenticeship. From the Platt-Deutsch of Fritz Reuter. 8vo Paper cover. $1. Extra cloth. $1.50.

No German author of the present time is more popular in his own country than REUTER. He is pronounced by a competent German critic to be deservedly "the most popular German writer of the last half century."

REUTER is especially noted as the *rare humorist, the genuine poet and the fascinating delineator* of the lives of his *Platt-Deutsch* neighbors, and as such is probably more beloved than any other German author of the day. The tale in question is one of his best and most important works, giving its readers, with its other entertainment and profit, a charming acquaintance with the quaint, interesting *Platt-Deutsch* people.

"Fritz Reuter is one of the most popular writers in Germany. . . . The charm of his stories lies in their simplicity and exquisite truth to Nature. He has 'the loving heart' which Carlyle tells us is the secret of writing; and Reuter is not graphic merely, he is photographic. His characters impress one so forcibly with their reality that one need not to be told they are portraits from life. Even the villains must have been old acquaintances. . . . It ('During my Apprenticeship') is one of the best of Reuter's stories, exhibiting his turn for the pathetic as well as for the humorous."—*New York Evening Post.*

"It has a freshness and novelty that are rare in these times."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

The Sylvestres; or, The Outcasts. A Novel. By M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, author of "Kitty," "Dr. Jacob," etc. Illustrated. 8vo. Paper. 75 cents. Extra cloth. $1.25.

"It is an exceptionally vigorous and healthy as well as happy tale."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"It is one of the author's best."—*New York Home Journal.*

"A capital novel."—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

"The story is well constructed, and the descriptive passages with which the work abounds are worthy of the highest praise. The sketches of scenery are painted with the touch of an artist."—*Philadelphia Ev. Bulletin.*

Myself. A Romance of New England Life. 12mo. Extra cloth. $2.

"This is really a capital story. The characters are drawn with a free and sharp pen, the style is fresh and lively and the plot quite unhackneyed."—*Boston Courier.*

How will it End? A Romance. By J. C. Heywood, author of "Herodias," "Antonius," etc. 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.50.

"It is a fascinating novel, which must exert a good influence, and one that should be widely read."—*Wilkes's Spirit of the Times.*

Doings in Maryland; or, Matilda Douglas. "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION." 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.75.

It is a very perfect story—simple, noble and without that straining for literary effect which constitutes the best attainable definition of the sensational."—*New York Home Journal.*

Dorothy Fox. A novel. By *Louisa Parr, author* of "How it all Happened," etc. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Paper cover. 75 cents. Extra cloth. $1.25.

"The Quaker character, though its quaintness and simplicity may seem easy enough to catch, requires a delicate workman to do it justice. Such an artist is the author of 'Dorothy Fox,' and we must thank her for a charming novel. The story is dramatically interesting, and the characters are drawn with a firm and graceful hand. The style is fresh and natural, vigorous without vulgarity, simple without mawkishness. Dorothy herself is represented as charming all hearts, and she will charm all readers. . . We wish 'Dorothy Fox' many editions."—*London Times.*

"One of the best novels of the season."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"The characters are brought out in life-like style, and cannot fail to attract the closest attention."—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

"It is admirably told, and will establish the reputation of the author among novelists."—*Albany Argus.*

How it all Happened. By *Louisa Parr, author of* "Dorothy Fox," etc. 12mo. Paper cover. 25 cents.

"It is not often that one finds so much pleasure in reading a love story, charmingly told in a few pages."—*Charleston Courier.*

"Is a well-written little love story, in which a great deal is said in a very few words."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

"A remarkably clever story."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

John Thompson, Blockhead, and Companion Portraits. By LOUISA PARR, author of "Dorothy Fox." 12mo. With Frontispiece. Extra cloth. $1.75.

"Extremely well-told stories, interesting in characters and incidents, and pure and wholesome in sentiment."—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

"These are racy sketches, and belong to that delightful class in which the end comes before the reader is ready for it.

"The style throughout is very simple and fresh, abounding in strong, vivid, idiomatic English."—*Home Journal.*

"They are quite brilliant narrative sketches, worthy of the reputation established by the writer."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Very presentable, very readable."—*New York Times.*

The Quiet Miss Godolphin, by Ruth Garrett; and A CHANCE CHILD, by EDWARD GARRETT, joint authors of "Occupations of a Retired Life" and "White as Snow." With Six Illustrations by Townley Green. 16mo. Cloth. 75 cents. Paper cover. 50 cents.

"These stories are characterized by great strength and beauty of thought, with a singularly attractive style. Their influence will not fail to improve and delight."—*Philadelphia Age.*

St. Cecilia. A Modern Tale from Real Life. Part I.—ADVERSITY. 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.50.

"It is carefully and beautifully written."—*Washington Chronicle.*

"A tale that we can cheerfully recommend as fresh, entertaining and well written."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Blanche Gilroy. A Girl's Story. A Novel. By MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," "Ten Years of a Lifetime," etc. 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.50.

"Its tone is excellent."—*Philadelphia Age.*

"It is a love-story of the intense and tragical sort, with a deep plot and any amount of stirring incident. The characters are drawn with much distinctness and vigor, and the story sweeps on to its end amid a rushing whirl of cross-purposes with deceiving fascination. It must be said, too, that the secret of the interest is in the characters and their destinies, since the language of the narrative is neither florid nor exaggerated."—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Holcombes. A Story of Virginia Home-Life. By MARY TUCKER MAGILL. 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.50.

"The subject is a charming one."—*Winchester Times.*

"This book is written from an elevated point of view, both as to its society and scenery. . . . We find it an interesting story. . . . The tone of this work is admirable, and we shall be glad to hear again from the author."—*Philadelphia Age.*

Left to Herself. A Novel. By Jennie Woodville. 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.50.

"Such a spicy mixture of ingredients as this book contains cannot fail to make an exciting story; and as the plot is well conceived, the characters well drawn and the interest well sustained to the end, without degenerating into the melo-dramatic, we are disposed to recommend to others a book which we ourselves have found captivating enough to burn the midnight gas over."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"Amid the flood of mediocrity and trash that is poured upon the public in the shape of novels, it is the pleasantest duty of the critic to discern real merit, and this we recognize in 'Left to Herself.'"—*The Philadelphia Age.*

"We predict for it a large sale in this section, and anticipate that it will be favorably received by the reading public of the whole country."—*Lynchburg Republican.*

Was She Engaged? A Novel. By "Jonquil." 12mo. Extra cloth. $1.50.

"A pleasant, bright and sparkling story."—*Baltimore Gazette.*

"This entertaining love story comes to us fresh from the pen and the press, in clear, readable type that would make a far less enticing work pleasurable. We feel assured that those who are fond of the purely emotional in character or literature will find ample entertainment from its pages. The story is written in the first person, and is a narrative vastly superior to a great mass of so-called novels. There is not a particle of rant from cover to cover. No passion is 'torn to tatters.' No impossible incidents are introduced, and yet the interest is maintained throughout. The pure, sweet character of Lucy, so well displayed against the more energetic but less poetical Rosamond; the sunlight and shadow of these two, enhanced by the dark and designing character of Sarah, combine to produce prominent impressions."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Every one seems to be going for 'Was She Engaged.'"—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Lost and Saved. A Novel. By Hon. Mrs. Norton. New Edition. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

"Remarkably well written; . . . very readable."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"The best novel that Mrs. Norton has written"—*Baltimore Gazette.*

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 046 708 4

H. E. H.
DUPL.